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THE

ALCHEMIST:

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY HER

K. Johnson (Ben)

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

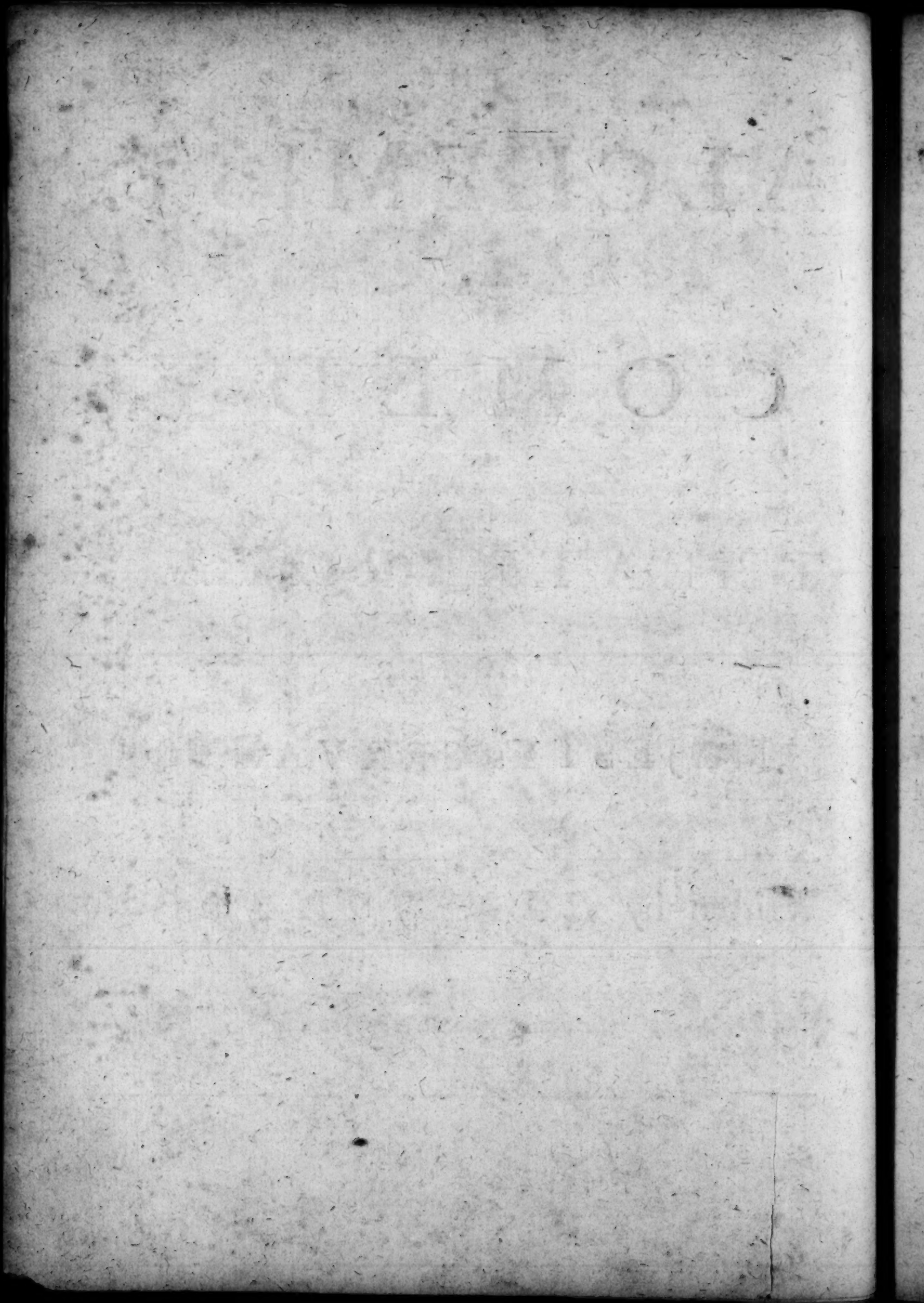
Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

——— *Petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

Lucret.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson: And Sold by William Lewis at the
Dolphin next Tom's-Coffee-House in Russel-Street, Covent-
Garden. 1709.



The Alchemist.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Face, Subtle, and Dol Common.

Face. **B**elieve't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha'you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for Love——
Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you——*Sub.* What to do? lick Figs

Out at my——*Face.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your Sights.

Dol. Nay, look ye! Sovereign, General, are you mad Men?

Sub. O, let the wild Sheep loose. I'll gum your Silks
 With good strong Water, an'you come. *Dol.* Will you have
 The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark, I hear some body. *Face.* Sirrah——*Sub.* I shall mar
 All that the Tailor has made, if you approach.

Face. You most notorious Whelp, you insolent Slave.
 Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes Faith, yes Faith. *Face.* Why! who
 Am I, my Mungril? Who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
 Since you know not your self——*Face.* Speak lower, Rogue.

Sub. Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,
 Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum; that kept
 Your Master's Worship's House, here, in the *Friers*,
 For the Vacations——*Face.* Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated Suburb-captain.
Face. By your means, Doctor-Dog? *Sub.* Within Man's Memory,
 All this, I speak of. *Face.* Why, I pray you, have I
 Been countenanc'd by you? Or you, by me?
 Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well. *Face.* Not of this, I think it.
 But I shall put you in mind, Sir, at *Pye-Corner*,
 Taking your Meal of Steem in, from Cooks Stalls,
 Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
 Piteously costive, with your Pinch'd-horn-Nose,
 And your Complexion, of the *Roman Wash*,
 Stuck full of black, and melancholick Worms,
 Like Poulder-Corns, shot at th' *Artillery-Yard*.

Sub. I wish you could advance your Voice a little.
Face. When you went pinn'd up, in the several Rags,
 Yo'had rak'd, and pick'd from Dunghills, before Day,
 Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes,
 A Felt of Rug, and a thin threaden Cloak,

That scarce would cover your Ne-buttocks. — *Sub.* No, Sir!

Face. When all your Alchemy, and your Algebra,
Your Minerals, Vegetals, and Animals,
Your conjuring, co'z'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps, with so much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to see a Fire;
I ga'you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glasses, your Materials,
Built you a Furnace, drew you Customers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beside,
A House to practise in. — *Sub.* Your Master's House?

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawdry, since. *Sub.* Yes, in your Master's House.
You, and the Rats, here, kept possession.

Make it not strange. I know, yo'were one, could keep
The Buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the Chippings.

Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vita* Men,
The which, together with your *Christmas*-Vails,

At Post and Pair, your letting out of Counters,

Made you a pretty Stock, some twenty Marks,

And gave you Credit, to converse with Cob-webs,

Here, since your Mistress's Death hath broke up House.

Face. You might talk softer, Rascal. *Sub.* No, you Scarabe,
I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you

How to beware, to tempt a Fury again

That carries Tempest in his Hand, and Voice.

Face. The Place has made you Valiant. *Sub.* No, your Cloaths.

Thou Vermin, have I ta'en thee out of Dung,

So poor, so wretched, when no living thing

Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worse?

Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Dust, and warring Pots?

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee

I'the third Region, call'd our state of Grace?

Wrought thee to Spirit, to Quintessence, with Pains

Would twice have won me the Philosopher's Work?

Put thee in Words, and Fashion? made thee fit

For more then ordinary Fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimensions?

Thy Rules, to cheat at Horse-race, Cock-pit, Cards,

Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture, else?

Made thee a second, in mine own great Art?

And have I this for thank? Do you rebel?

Do you flie out, i'the Projection?

Would you be gone, now? *Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no Name —

Dol. Will you undo your selves with Civil War?

Sub. Never been known, past *equi-clibanum*,

The Heat of Horse-Dung, under Ground, in Cellars,

Or an Ale-house, darker then deaf *John's*: Been lost

To all Mankind, but Laundresses, and Tapsters,
Had not I been. *Dol.* Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?

Face. Sirrah.---- *Dol.* Nay, General, I thought you were Civil-----

Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Sub. And hang thy self, I care not. *Face.* Hang thee, Collier;
And all thy Pots, and Pans, in Picture I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me.-----*Dol.* (O, this'll o'er-throw all.)

Face. Write thee up Bawd, in *Pauls*; have all thy Tricks
Of Coz'ning with a hollow Cole, Dust, Scrapings,
Searching for Things lost, with a Sieve, and Shears,
Erecting Figures, in your Rows of Houses,
And taking in of Shadows, with a Glass,
Told in red Letters: And a Face, cut for thee,
Worse then *Gamaliel Ratsey's*. *Dol.* Are you found?
Ha'you your Senses, Masters? *Face.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,
Shall prove a true Philosopher's Stone, to Printers.

Sub. Away, you Trencher-Rascal. *Face.* Out you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Prisons.-----*Dol.* Will you be
Your own Destructions, Gentlemen? *Face.* Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o'th' Basket. *Sub.* Cheater.

Face. Bawd. *Sub.* Cow-herd. *Face.* Conjuror. *Sub.* Cut-purse. *Face.*
We are ruin'd! lost! Ha'you no more regard [Witch. *Dol.* O me!
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgement? Slight,
Have yet some care of me, o'your Republick-----

Face. Away this Brach. I'll bring thee, Rogue, within
The Statute of Sorcery, *tricesimo tertio*.
Of Henry VIII. Ay, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Noose, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cock's-comb, will you?

[She catches out *Face's* Sword, and breaks *Subtle's* Glass.

And you, Sir, with your Menstrue, gather it up.
Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that shines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marshal,
For ne'er a snarling Dog-bolt o'you both.
Ha'you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World, and shall it now be said
You've made most courteous shift to cozen your selves?
You will accuse him? You will bring him in
Within the Statute? Who shall take your word?
A Whorson, Upstart, Apocriphal Captain,
Whom not a Puritan, in *Black-friers*, will trust
So much, as for a Feather! And you, too,
Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult,
And claim a Primacy in the Divisions?
You must be chief? As if you, only, had
The Poulder to project with? And the Work

Were not begun out of equality?

The *venter Tripartite*? All things in common?

Without Priority! S'death, you perpetual Curs,

Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,

And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,

And lose not the beginning of a Term,

Or, by this Hand, I shall grow factious too,

And take my part, and quit you. *Face.* 'Tis his Fault,

He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,

And says, the weight of all lyes upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we

Sustain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part succeed to Day, I hope

Ours may, to Morrow, match it. *Sub.* Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring Mastiff? Ay, and do. Death on me!

Help me to throttlet him. *Sub.* Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy,

O'ds precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o'your Fermentation, and Cibation?

Sub. Not I, by Heav'n—*Dol.* Your *Sol*, and *Luna*—help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my self.

Dol. Will you, Sir, do so then, and quickly: Swear.

Sub. What should I swear? *Dol.* To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour, kindly, in the common Work.

Sub. Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beside.

I only us'd those Speeches, as a Spur

To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to day, who shall shark best. *Sub.* Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly. *Sub.* 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the stronger, for this breach, with me.

Dol. Why so, my good Baboons! Shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise Neighbours,

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the King came in)

A Feast of Laughter, at our Follies? Rascals,

Would run themselves from Breath, to see me ride,

Or you t'have but a hole, to thrust your Heads in,

For which you should pay Ear-rent? No, agree.

And may *Don Provost* ride a Feasting, long,

In his old Velvet-Jerkin, and stain'd Scarves,

(My Noble Sovereign, and worthy General)

E'er we contribute a new Crewel-Garter

To his most worsted Worship. *Sub.* Royal *Dol*!

Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy self!

Face. For which, at Supper, thou shalt sit in Triumph,

And not be stil'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,

Dol Singular: the longest Cut, at Night,

Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.

Sub. Who's that? One rings. To th'Window, *Dol.* Pray Heav'n
The Master do not trouble us, this Quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week

The Alchemist.

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O'the Plague, he's safe from thinking toward *London*.

Beside, he's busie at his Hop-yards, now:

I had a Letter from him. If he do,

He'll send such word, for airing o'the House,

As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

Though we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Sub. Who's sir, *Dol*? *Dol.* A fine young Quodling. *Face.* O,

My Lawyer's Clerk, I lighted on, last Night,

In *Holborn*, at the Dagger. He would have

(I told you of him) a *Familiar*,

To rife with, at Horses, and win Cúps.

Dol. O, let him in. *Sub.* Stay. Who shall do't? *Face.* Get you
Your Robes on. I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do? *Face.* Not be seen; away.

Seem you very reserv'd. *Sub.* Enough. *Face.* God b'w'you, Sir.

I pray you, let him know that I was here.

His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have staid, but——

S C E N E II.

Enter Dapper.

Dap. Captain, I am here. *Face.* Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.

Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In truth,

I'm very sorry, Captain. *Face.* But I thought

Sure, I should meet you. *Dap.* Ay, I'm very glad:

I'd a scurvy Writ or two to make,

And I had lent my Watch last Night to one

That dines, to day, at the Sheriff's: and so was robb'd

Of my Pastime. Is this the Cunning-man?

Face. This is his Worship. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor? *Face.* Yes.

Dap. And ha'you broke with him, Captain? *Face.* Ay. *Dap.* And how?

Face. Faith, he do's make the Matter, Sir, so dainty,

I know not what to say——*Dap.* Not so, good Captain.

Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be Ungrateful.

Face. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law

Is such a thing——And then, he says, *Read's* matter

Falling so lately——*Dap.* *Read*? He was an Ass,

And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Face.* It was a Clerk, Sir.

Dap. A Clerk? *Face.* Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law

Better, I think——*Dap.* I should, Sir, and the Danger.

You know I shew'd the Statute to you? *Face.* You did so.

Dap. And will I tell, then? By this Hand of Flesh,

Would it m'ght never write good *Court-hand* more,

If I discover. What do you think of me,

That I am a *Chiause*? *Face.* What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here——

As one would say, do you think I am a *Turk*?

Face. I'll tell the Doctor so. *Dap.* Do, good sweet Captain.

Face.

Face. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee, let's prevail.
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Answer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love——But this
I neither may, nor can. *Face.* Tut, do not say so.
You deal, now, with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you, richly, and he's no *Chiause*:
Let that, Sir, move you. *Sub.* Pray you, forbear——*Face.* He has
Four Angels here——*Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these Spirits?
Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I scarce can think you are my Friend,
That so would draw me to apparent Danger.

Face. I draw you? A Horse draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together——*Dap.* Nay, good Captain.
Face. That know no difference of Men. *Sub.* Good words, Sir.

Face. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dog's-meat: 'Slight I bring you
No cheating *Clim-o'the-Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as five and fifty, and flush,
And spit out Secrets, like hot Custard——*Dap.* Captain.

Face. Nor any melancholick Under-scribe,
Shall tell the Vicar: But, a special Gentle,
That is the Heir to forty Marks a Year,
Consorts with the small Poets of the time,
Is the sole Hope of his old Grand-mother,
That knows the Law, and writes you fix fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o'the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket: And can Court
His Mistress, out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.

Face. Did you not tell me so? *Dap.* Yes, but I'd ha' you
Use Master Doctor with some more Respect.

Face. Hang him proud Stag, with his broad Velvet head.
But, for your sake, I'd choak, e'er I would change
An Article of Breath with such a Puck-fist——
Come let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you, le'me speak with you.

Dap. His Worship calls you, Captain. *Face.* I am sorry
I e'er imbarqu'd my self in such a Business.

Dap. Nay, good Sir. He did call you. *Face.* Will he take, then?

Sub. First, hear me——*Face.* Not a Syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, Sir——*Face.* Upon no terms, but an *Assumpsit*.

Sub. Your Humour must be Law. *Face.* Why now, Sir, talk. [*He takes the Money.*
Now, I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.

So may this Gentleman too. *Sub.* Why, Sir.——*Face.* No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss
You do your self, in this. *Face.* Wherein? For what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the Money i'the Town.

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Face. How! *Sub.* Yes. And blow up Gamester after Gamester,
As they do Crackers, in a Puppet-play.

If I do give him a Familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it. *Face.* Y^e are mistaken, Doctor.

Why, he do's ask one but for Cups, and Horses,
A Rifling-Fly: None o' your great Familiars.

Dap. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.

Sub. I told you so. *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new Business!
I understood you, a tame Bird to flie

'Twice in a Term, or so; on Friday-Nights,

When you had left the Office; For a Nag,

Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir,

But I do think, now, I shall leave the Law,

And therefore--- *Face.* Why, this changes quite the case!

D'you think, that I dare move him? *Dap.* If you please, Sir,

All's one to him, I see. *Face.* What! for that Mony?

I cannot with my Conscience. Nor should you

Make the request, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean

To add Consideration. *Face.* Why, then, Sir,

I'll try. Say, that it were for all Games, Doctor?

Sub. I say, then, not a Mouth shall eat for him

At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,

That is a gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Face.* Indeed!

Sub. He'll draw you all the Treasure of the Realm,

If it be set him. *Face.* Speak you this from Art?

Sub. Ay, Sir, and Reason too; the Ground of Art.

He's o' the only best Complexion,

The Queen of Fairy loves. *Face.* What! is he! *Sub.* Peace.

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him---

Face. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him. *Face.* Will he win at Cards too?

Sub. The Spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,

You'd swear, were in him: Such a vigorous Luck

As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put

Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.

Face. A strange Success, that some Men shall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, Man--- *Dap.* Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. Faith, I have a confidence in his good Nature:

You hear, he says, he will not be ungrateful.

Sub. Why, as you please, my venture follows yours.

Face. Troth, do it, Doctor. Think him trusty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an Hour:

Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Face.* And you shall, Sir.

You have heard all? *Dap.* No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

[Face takes him aside.]

Face. Nothing? *Dap.* A little, Sir. *Face.* Well, a rare Star

Reign'd at your Birth. *Dap.* At mine, Sir? No. *Face.* The Doctor

Swears that you are--- *Sub.* Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

Face.

Face. Ally'd to the Queen of *Fairy*. *Dap.* Who? that I am? Believe it, no such matter——*Face.* Yes, and that Yo'were born with a Caul o' your Head. *Dap.* Who says so? *Face.* Come, You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not. You are mistaken. *Face.* How! Swear by your Fac? and in a thing so known Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you I'the other Matter? Can we ever think, When you have won five, or six thousand Pound, You'll send us shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By *Jove*, Sir, I'll win ten thousand Pound, and send you half. I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jest.

Face. Go too. Go, thank the Doctor. He's your Friend To take it so. *Dap.* I thank his Worship. *Face.* So? Another Angle. *Dap.* Must I? *Face.* Must you? 'Slight, What else is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor, When must he come for his Familiar?

Dap. Shall I not have't with me? *Sub.* O good, Sir! There must a world of Ceremonies pass, You must be Bath'd, and Fumigated, first; Besides, the Queen of *Fairy* do's not rise 'Till it be Noon. *Face.* Not, if she danc'd to Night.

Sub. And she must bless it. *Face.* Did you never see Her Royal Grace, yet? *Dap.* Whom? *Face.* Your Aunt of *Fairy*?

Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the Cradle, Captain, I can resolve you that. *Face.* Well, see her Grace, Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know! It will be somewhat hard to compass: But, However, see her. You are made, believe it, If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone Woman, And very rich, and if she take a Fancy, She will do strange things. See her, at any hand, 'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done, then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace. *Face.* Enough, *Sub.* Who's there?

[One knocks without.

Anon. (Conduct him forth, by the back way)

Sir, against one a Clock, prepare your self.

'Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three drops of Vinegar in at your Nose,

Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;

Then bath your Fingers ends, and wash your Eyes,

To sharpen your five Senses; and cry Hum,

Thrice; and then Buz as often; and then, come.

Face. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.

Face. Well, then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing Some twenty Nobles, 'mong her Grace's Servants;

And

The Alchemist.

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And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean Linnen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Subtle, Druggier, and Face.

Sub. Come in. (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me, now;
Troth I can do you no good, 'till Afternoon.)

What is your Name, say you, *Abel Druggier*? *Drug.* Yes, Sir.

Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Drug.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* 'Umh.

Free of the *Grocers*? *Drug.* Ay, and't please you. *Sub.* Well——

Your Business, *Abel*? *Drug.* This, and't please your Worship.

I'm a young Beginner, and am building

Of a new Shop, and't like your Worship; just

At corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't.)

And I would know, by Art, Sir, of your Worship,

Which way I should make my Door, by Necromancy.

And, where my Shelves. And, which should be for Boxes:

And, which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.

And, I was wish'd to your Worship, by a Gentleman,

One Captain *Face*, that says you know Mens Planets,

And their good Angels, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,

If I do see 'em——*Face.* What! My honest *Abel*?

Thou art well met, here! *Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,

Just as your Worship came here, of your Worship.

I pray you, speak for me to Master Doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?

This is my Friend *Abel*, an honest Fellow,

He lets me have good Tobacco, and he do's not

Sophisticate it, with Sack-lees, or Oyl,

Nor washes it in Muscadell, and Grains,

Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,

Wrap'd up in greasie Leather, or piss'd Clouts:

But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,

Smell like Conserve of Roses, or *French Beans*.

He has his Maple-block, his Silver-Tongs,

Winchester-Pipes, and Fire of Juniper.

A neat, spruce, honest Fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Sub. He's a fortunate Fellow, that I am sure on——

Face. Already, Sir, ha'you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel*!

Sub. And, in right way tow'rd Riches——*Face.* Sir. *Sub.* This Summer

He will be of the Cloathing of his Company:

And, next Spring, call'd to the Scarlet. Spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little Beard? *Sub.* Sir, you must think,

He may have a Receipt to make Hair come.

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't:

His Fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

I'm amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a rule, Captain,

In Metaposcopie, which I do work by,
A certain Star i'th' Forehead, which you see not.
Your Chestnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Do's never fail: And your long Ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain Spots too in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his mercurial Finger.

Face. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look.
Yo'were born upon a *Wednesday*? *Drug.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

Sub. The Thumb, in Chiromanty, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger to *Jove*; the midst to *Saturn*;
The Ring to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of the Horoscope,
His House of Life being *Libra*, which fore-shew'd
He should be a Merchant, and should trade with Ballance.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest *Nab*?

Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
That shall yield him such a Commodity
Of Drugs——This is the West, and this the South?

Drug. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And those are your two sides? *Drug.* Ay, Sir.

Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your broad side, West:
And, on the East-side of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael, Velel, Thiel*.
They are the Names of those Mercurial Spirits,
That do fright Flies from Boxes. *Drug.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And
Beneath your Threshold, bury me a Load-stone,
To draw in Gallants that wear Spurs: The rest,
They'll seem to follow. *Face.* That's a Secret, *Nab*!

Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-fucus, to call City-Dames.
You shall deal much with Minerals. *Drug.* Sir, I have,
At home, already——*Sub.* Ay, I know, you've Arsnike,
Vitriol, Sal-tartar, Argail, Alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the Philosopher's Stone.

Face. Why, how now, *Abel*? Is this true? *Drug.* Good Captain,
What must I give? *Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hearst, what Wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)
Th'art like to come too. *Drug.* I would gi' him a Crown.

Face. A Crown! and tow'rd such a Fortune? *Nab*,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a *Portague*. I ha' kept this half Year.

Face. Out on thee, *Nab*; S'light, there was such an Offer——
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi't him for thee?

Doctor, Nab prays your Worship to drink this; and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your Skill

Do's raise him in the World. *Drug.* I would intreat

The Alchemist.

II

Another Favour of his Worship. *Face.* What is't, *Nab*?

Drug. But to look over, *Sir*, my Almanack,
And cross out my ill-Days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor Trust upon them. *Face.* That he shall, *Nab*.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst Afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Face.* Now, *Nab*?
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab*? *Drug.* Thank, *Sir*, both your Worships. *Face.* Away.
Why now, you smoaky Persecutor of Nature! *[Exit Drug.]*

Now, do you see, that something is to be done,
Beside your Beech-coal, and your Cor'sive-waters,
Your Croflets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You must have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet you think I am at no Expence,
In searching out these Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore god, my Intelligence
Costs me more Mony, then my share oft comes too,
In these rare Works. *Sub.* You're pleasant, *Sir*. How now?

S C E N E IV.

Face, Dol, and Subtle.

Sub. What says my dainty *Dolkin*? *Dol.* Yonder Fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your Giantess,
The Bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Hart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Thorough the Trunk, like one of your Familiars.
But I have spy'd *Sir Epicure Mammon*——*Sub.* Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earnest of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub.* *Face*, go you, and shift.
Dol. you must presently make ready too——

Dol. Why, what's the Matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him
With the Sun's rising: Marvel, he could sleep!
This is the Day, I am to perfect for him
The *Magisterium*, our great Work, the Stone;
And yield it, made, in his Hands: Of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were possess'd.
And, now, he's dealing pieces on't away.
Methinks I see him entring Ordinaries,
Dispensing for the Pox; to Plaguy-houses,
Reaching his Dose; walking *Moor-fields* for Lepers;
And offering Citizen's Wives Pomander-Bracelets,
As his Preservative, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to Mandkind, ever could.
If his Dream last, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mammon, and Surly.

Mam. Come on, Sir. Now, you set your Foot on Shoar

In novo orbe; Here's the rich *Peru*:

And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,

Great *Salomon's Ophir*! He was failing to't

Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.

This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,

I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*.

This day, you shall be *spectatissimi*.

You shall no more deal with the hollow Die,

Or the frail Card. No more be at charge of keeping

The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that must

Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,

If he deny, ha' him beaten to it, as he is

That brings him the Commodity. No more

Shall Thirst of Satten, or the covetous Hunger

Of Velvet-Entrails, for a rude-spun Cloak,

To be displaid at Madam *Augusta's*, make

The Sons of Sword, and Hazzard, fall before

The golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,

Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:

Or go a Feasting, after Drum and Ensign.

No more of this. You shall start up young Viceroyes,

And have your Punques, and Punquettees, my *Surly*.

And unto thee, I speak it first, *Be rich*.

Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within ho? *Within*. Sir,

He'll come to you, by and by. *Mam.* That's his Fire-drake,

His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,

'Till he firk Nature up, in her own Center.

You are not faithful, Sir. This Night, I'll change

All, that is Metal, in thy House, to Gold.

And, early in the Morning, will I send

To all the Plummers, and the Pewterers,

And buy their Tin and Lead up; and to *Lothbury*,

For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase *Devonshire*, and *Cornwall*,

And make them perfect *Indies*! You admire now?

Sur. No faith. *Mam.* But when you see th' Effects of the great Med'cine!

Of which one part projected on a Hundred

Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,

Shall turn it, to as many of the *Sun*;

Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:

You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

But, if my Eyes do cozen me so (and I

Giving 'em no occasion) sure, I'll have

A Where, shall piss 'em out, next day. *Mam.* Ha! Way?

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the Flower of the *Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by its Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Respect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of fourscore, a Child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Restore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons, and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our Philosophers have done
(The antient Patriarchs before the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knife's Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Mustard, of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.

Sur. The decay'd Vestals of *Picket-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the Fire alive, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all Infections,
Cures all Diseases, coming of all Causes,
A Month's Grief, in a Day; a Year's, in twelve:
And, of what Age soever, in a Month.
Past all the Doses of your drugging Doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o'the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players shall sing your Praises, ther,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much, unto my Man,
Shall serve th'whole City, with Preservative,
Weekly, each House his Dose, and at the rate——

Sur. As he that built the Water work, do's with Water?

Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith, I have a Humour,
I would not willingly be guil'd. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me. *Mam.* Pertinax, Surly,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll shew you a Book, where *Moses*, and his Sister,
And *Salomon*, have written of the Art;
Ay, and a Treatise pen'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!

Mam. O'the Philosopher's Stone, and in *High-Dutch*.

Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in *High-Dutch*? *Mam.* He did:
Which proves it was the primitive Tongue. *Sur.* What Paper?

Mam. On Cedar-board. *Sur.* O that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst Worms. *Mam.* 'Tis like your *Irish-wood*,
'Gainst Cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jason's Fleece*, too,
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchemy*.

Writ in large Sheep-skin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
Such was *Pythagoras's Thigh*, *Pandora's Tub*;
And, all that Fable of *Medea's Charms*,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,

Still breathing Fire; our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon;
 The Dragon's Teeth, *Mercury* sublimate,
 That keeps the Whiteness, Hardness, and the Biting;
 And they are gather'd into *Jason's* Helm,
 (Th' *Alombeck*) and then sow'd in *Mars* his Field,
 And, thence, sublim'd so often, 'till they are fix'd.
 Both this, th' *Hesperian* Garden, *Cadmus's* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus's* Eyes,
Boccace's *Demogorgon*, thousands more,
 All abstract Riddles of our Stone. How now?

S C E N E II.

Mammon, Face, and Surly.

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

Face. The Evening will set red upon you, Sir;
 You have colour for it, Crimson: The red ferment
 Has done his Office. Three Hours hence, prepare you
 To see Projection. *Mam.* *Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
 Again, I say to thee, aloud, *Be rich*.

This Day thou shalt have Ingots: and, to morrow,
 Give Lords th' Affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
 Blushes the Bolts-head? *Face.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
 That were but now discover'd to her Master.

Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! My only Care is,
 Where to get Stuff enough now to project on,
 This Town will not half serve me. *Face.* No, Sir? Buy
 The covering of Churches. *Mam.* That's true. *Face.* Yes,
 Let 'em stand bare, as do their Auditory.

Or cap 'em, new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch:
 Thatch will lye light upon the Rafters, *Lungs*.

Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
 I will restore thee thy Complexion, Puff,
 Lost in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
 Hurt wth the Fume o' the Metals. *Face.* I have blown, Sir,
 Hard, for your Worship; thrown by many a Coal,
 When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
 To keep your Heat still even; these Bleard-eyes
 Have wak'd, to read your several Colours, Sir,
 Of the Pale-Citron, the Green-Lion, the Crow,
 The Peacock's-Tail, the Plumed-Swan. *Mam.* And, lastly,
 Thou hast defery'd the Flow'r, the *Sanguis agni*?

Face. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Master? *Face.* At his Prayers, Sir, he,
 Good Man, he's doing his Devotions,

For the Success. *Mam.* *Lungs*, I will set a Period,
 To all thy Labours: Thou shalt be the Master
 Of my *Seraglio*. *Face.* Good Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?
 I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean
 To have a List of Wives, and Concubines,
 Equal with *Salomon*; who had the Stone,

Alike with me: and I will make me a back,
With the *Elixir*, that shall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter fifty a Night.
Th'art sure, thou saw'st it Blood? *Face*. Both Blood, and Spirit, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my Beds blown up; not stuf:
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval Room,
Fill'd with such Pictures, as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*; and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glasses,
Cut in more subtil Angles, to disperse,
And multiply the Figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succuba*. My Mists
I'll have of Perfume, vapour'd 'bout the Room,
To lose our selves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in Gossamour, and Roses.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby*?) ——— Where I spy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll send a thousand Pound, to be my Cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it? *Mam*. No, I'll ha' no Bawds,
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it best.
Best of all others. And, my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meer Fools,
Eloquent Burgresses: And then my Poets
The same that writ so subtly of the Fate,
Whom I will entertain, still, for that Subject.
The few, that would give out themselves, to be
Court, and Town-Stallions, and each where belie
Ladies, who are known most innocent for them;
Those will I beg, to make me Eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten Ostrich-Tails
A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
We will be brave, *Puff*, now we ha'the Med'cine.
My Meat shall all come in, in *Indian* Shells,
Dishes of Agat, set in Gold, and studded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormise, and Camels Heels,
Boil'd i'the Spirit of *Sol*, and dissolv'd Pearl,
(*Apicius's* Diet, 'gainst the *Epilepsie*)
And I will eat these Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamond, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-boy shall eat Pheasants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lampreys: I my self will have
The Beards of Barbles, serv'd instead of Sallads;
Oil'd Mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poynant Sauce;

For which, I'll say unto my Cook, there's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Face.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-sarsner, soft, and light
As Cob-webs; and for all other Rayment
It shall be such, as might provoke the *Persian*;
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fishes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradise*, and eastern Air——

Sur. And do you think to have the Stone, with this?

Mam. No, I do think t'have all this with the Stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My venter brings it me. He, honest Wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer, and Fasting for it: And, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes,
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'Tis Poison.

S C E N E III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, and Face.

Mam. Good morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good morrow,
And, to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to Convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I'the just point: Prevent your Day, at Morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite.
Take heed, you do not cause the Blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry,
To see my labours, now, e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large Patience,
Not prosper, where my Love, and Zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (Heav'n I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my Thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uses, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Lusts, employ
So great, and catholick a Bliss: Be sure,
A Curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways. *Mam.* I know, Sir,
You shall not need to fear me. I but come,

To ha'you confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustive of Belief
Toward your Stone: would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his Robe.
We have a Med'cine of the triple Soul,
The glorified Spirit. Thanks be to Heav'n,
And make us worthy of it. *Ulen spiegel.*

Face. Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the *Aludels*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the Bolt's-head yet? *Face.* Which on *D.* Sir? *Sub.* Ay,
What's the Complexion? *Face.* Whitish. *Sub.* Infuse Vinegar,
To draw his volatile Substance, and his Tincture:
And let the Water in *Glass E.* be feltred,
And put into the Gripes Egg. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Face.* I will, Sir.

Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting?

Sub. I have another work; you never saw, Son,
That, three days since, past the Philosopher's Wheel,
In the lent Heat of *Athamor*; and become
Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me? *Sub.* What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect. *Mam.* O, but——

Sub. Why, this is covetise! *Mam.* No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of Colleges, and Grammar-Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hospitals,
And now and then a Church. *Sub.* How now? *Face.* Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre? *Sub.* Marry, yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glass B.*

Mam. Ha'you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I assur'd
Your Piery were firm, we would not want
The means to glorifie it. But I hope the best:
I mean to Tinct *C.* in Sand-heat, to morrow,
And give him Imbibition. *Mam.* Of white Oil?

Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the Helm too,
I thank my Maker, in *S. Mary's Bath*,
And shews *lac Virginis*. Blessed be Heav'n.
I sent you of his *Faces* there, calcin'd.

Out of that Calx, I ha'won the Salt of *Mercury*.

Mam. By pow'ring on your rectified Water?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in *Athamor*.

How now? What colour says it? *Face.* The Ground-black, Sir.

Mam. That's your Crow's-head? *Sur.* Your Cock's-combs, is't not?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the Crow.

That work wants something. (*Sur.* O, I look'd for this.

The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you sure, you loos'd 'em
I'their own Menstrue? *Face.* Yes, Sir, and then marry'd 'em,
And put 'em in a Bolt's-head, nipp'd to Digestion,

According as you bad me; when I set
The liquor of *Mars* to Circulation,
In the same heat. *Sub.* The Process, then, was right.

Face. Yes, by the Token, Sir, the Retort brake,
And what was sav'd, was put into the *Pallican*,
And sign'd with *Hermes's* Seal. *Sub.* I think 'twas so.
We should have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur.* O, this Ferret
Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In *Embrion*. *H* has his white Shirt on? *Face.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for Inceration: He stands warm,
In his Ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,
For Luck's-sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right. *Sur.* Ay, are you bolted? *Face.* Nay, I know't, Sir.
I have seen th'ill Fortune. What is some three Ounces
Of fresh Materials? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Face.* No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t'*Amalgame*, with some six of *Mercury*.

Mam. Away, here's Mony. What will serve? *Face.* Ask him, Sir.

Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him nine Pound: You may gi' him ten.

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour Works, are at fixation;
A third is in Ascension. Go your ways.
Ha'you set the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

Face. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the Philosophers Vinegar? *Face.* Ay.

Sur. We shall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make Projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our Med'cine,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoso*;
And giving him Solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;
For look, how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Virtue.
As, if at first, one Ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll run a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred;
After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver, or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here, against Afternoon,
Your Brass, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mam. Not those of Iron? *Sub.* Yes. You may bring them, too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my Spits? *Sub.* Yes, and your Racks.

Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he please. *Sur.* To be an Ass.

Sub. How, Sir! *Mam.* This Gentleman you must bear withal.

I told you he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir,
But much less Charity, should I gull my self.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, Sir, in our Art
Seems so impossible? *Sur.* But your whole work, no more.

That you should hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*? *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd so? *Sur.* If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg, but differs from a Chicken, more
Than Metals in themselves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Egg's ordain'd by Nature to that end:
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub.* Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that Nature, in the Earth, bred Gold
Perfect, i'the instant. Something went before.

There must be remote Matter: *Sur.* Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we say—*Mam.* Ay, now it heats: Stand Father.
Pound him to Dust—*Sub.* It is, of the one part,

A humide Exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *Unctuous-water*;
On th'other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of Earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the Elementary Matter of Gold:
Which is not yet *Propria materia*,
But common to all Metals, and all Stones.
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to Sulphur, or to Quick-silver:
Who are the Parents of all other Metals.
Nor can this remote Matter, suddenly,
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget th'imperfect; then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that Airy
And Oily-water, *Mercury* is engendred;
Sulphur, o'the fat and earthy part: The one
(Which is the last) supplying the place of Male,
The other of the Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe *Hermaphroditie*,
That both do act, and suffer. But, these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them by our Fire, and Gold in them:
And can produce the Species of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beside, who doth not see, in daily Practice,

Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Wasps,
 Out of the Carcasses and Dung of Creatures;
 Yea, Scorpions, of an Herb, being rightly plac'd:
 And these are living Creatures, far more perfect,
 And excellent, than Metals. *Mam.* Well said, Father!
 Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an Argument,
 He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, stay.
 Rather than I'll be braid, Sir, I'll believe,
 That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
 Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a Man
 With Charming. *Sub.* Sir? *Sur.* What else are all your Terms,
 Whereon no one o'your Writers'grees with other?
 Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
 Your *Stone*, your *Medicine*, and your *Chrysosperme*,
 Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
 Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
 Your *Marchesie*, your *Tutie*, your *Magnesia*,
 Your *Toad*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
 Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
 Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
 And then, your *Red-man*, and your *White-woman*,
 With all your Broths, your *Menstrues*, and *Materials*,
 Of Piss, and Egg-shells, Womens Terms, Man's Blood,
 Hair o'the Head, burnt Clouts, Chalk, Merds, and Clay.
 Poulder of Bones, Scalings of Iron, Glass,
 And Worlds of other strange Ingredients,
 Would burst a Man to name? *Sub.* And all these, nam'd,
 Intending but one thing: Which Art our Writers
 Us'd, to obscure their Art: *Mam.* Sir, so I told him,
 Because the simple Idiot should not learn it,
 And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the Knowledge
 Of the *Egyptians* writ in mystick Symboles?
 Speak not the Scriptures oft in Parables?
 Are not the choicest Fables of the Poets,
 That were the Fountains, and first Springs of Wisdom,
 Wrapt in perplexed Allegories? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
 And clear'd to him, that *Sisiphus* was damn'd
 To rowl the ceaseless Stone, only, because
 He would have made ours common. Who is this?

[Dol is seen.]

Sub. God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
 Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Face.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you use me thus? *Face.* Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in and see, you Traitor, go. *Mam.* Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir, nothing. *Mam.* What's the matter? Good, Sir!
 I have not seen you thus distemper'd. Who is't?

Sub. All Arts have still had, Sir, their Adversaries,
 But ours the most ignorant. What now?

[Face returns.]

Face. 'Twas not my fault, Sir, she would speak with you.

Sub. Would she, Sir? Follow me. *Mam.* Stay, Lungs. *Face.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam.

Mam. How ! 'Pray thee stay? *Face.* She's mad, Sir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay Man, what is she? *Face.* A Lord's Sister, Sir.

(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.) Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sub.* Why Rascal! *Face.* Lo you. Here, Sir.

[He goes out.]

Mam. 'Fore god, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-House! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's Two scrupulous that way. It is his Vice.

No, he's a rare Physician, do him right.

An excellent *Paracelsian*! And has done

Strange Cures with *Mineral Physick*. He deals all

With Spirits, he. He will not hear a word

Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe's*.

[Face again.]

How now, *Lungs*! *Face.* Softly, Sir, speak softly. I meant To ha'told your Worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.

Face. You're very right, Sir, she is a most rare Scholar; And is gone mad with studying *Broughton's Works*.

If you but name a word touching the *Hebrew*,

She falls into her fit, and will Discourse

So learnedly of Genealogies,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

Mam. How might one do't have Conference with her, *Lungs*?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the Conference.

I do not know, Sir: I'm sent in haste,

To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.

Mam. Wherein? Pray ye be patient. *Sur.* Yes, as you are.

And trust confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen*.

One word. *Face.* I dare not, in good Faith. *Mam.* Stay, Knave.

Face. He's extreme angry that you saw her, Sir.

Mam. Drink that. What is she, when she's out of her fit?

Face. O, the most affablest Creature, Sir! So merry!

So pleasant! She'll mount you up like Quicksilver,

Over the Helm; and circulate like Oil,

A very Vegetable: Discourse of State,

Of Mathematicks, Bawdry, any thing——

Mam. Is she no way accessible? No means,

No trick to give a Man a taste of her——Wit——

Or so?——*Ulen.* *Face.* I'll come to you again, Sir.

Mam. Surly, I did not think one o'your breeding

Would traduce Personages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,

Your Friend to use: Yet, still, loth to be gull'd.

I do not like your Philosophical Bawds.

Their Stone is leachery enough to pay for,

Without this Bait. *Mam.* Heart, you abuse your self.

I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,

The Original of this Disaster. Her Brother

H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet, you ne'er saw her

'Till

'Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o'the treacherous'st Memories, I do think,
Of all Mankind. *Sub.* What call you her, Brother? *Mam.* My Lord---
He will not have his Name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O' my Faith-----

Sur. Tut, if you ha'it not about you, pass it,
'Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.

He's one I honour, and my noble Friend,
And I respect his House. *Sur.* Heart! Can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise Sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own Oaths and Arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? And, this be your *Elixir*,

Your *Lapis mineralis*, and your *Lunary*,
Give me your honest Trick, yet, at *Primer*,
Or *Gleek*; and take your *Lutum sapientis*,
Your *Menstruum simplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
And, with less danger of the Quick-silver;

Or the hot Sulphur. *Face.* Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir, [To *Surly*.]
Desires you meet him i'the *Temple-Church*,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest Business.

Sir, if you please to quit us now, and come
Again within two hours; you shall have

[He whispers *Mammon*.]

My Master busie examining o'the Works;
And I will steal you in unto the Party,

That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say
You'll meet the Captain's Worship? *Sur.* Sir, I will.

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now, I am sure, it is a Bawdy-house;

I'll swear it, were the Marshal here to thank me:

The naming this Commander doth confirm it.

Don Face! Why, he's the most authentick Dealer

I'these Commodities! The Superintendent

To all the queinter Traffickers in Town.

He is their Visiter, and does appoint

Who lies with whom; and at what Hour, what Price,

Which Gown, and in what Smock; what Fall, what Tire.

Him will I prove, by a third Person, to find

The Subtilties of this dark Labyrinth:

Which, if I do discover, dear Sir *Mammon*,

You'll give your poor Friend leave, though no Philosopher,

To laugh: For you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

Face. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget. *Sur.* I will not, Sir.

Sir *Epicure*, I shall leave you? *Mam.* I follow you streight.

Face. But do so, good Sir, to avoid Suspicion.

This Gentleman has a par'lous Head. *Mam.* But wilt thou, *Ulen*,

Be constant to thy Promise? *Face.* As my Life, Sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me?

And say I am a noble Fellow? *Face.* O, what else, Sir?

And.

And, that you'll make her Royal with the Stone,
An Empress, and your self King of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this? *Face.* Will I, Sir? *Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee. *Face.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Master
May busie himself about Projection.

Mam. Tho' hast witch'd me, Rogue: Take, go. *Face.* Your Jack and all, Sir.

Mam. Thou art a Villain——I will send my Jack;
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.

Away, thou dost not care for me. *Face.* Not I, Sir?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good Weasel;
Set thee on a Bench: and, ha'thee twirl a Chain
With the best Lord's Vermine of 'em all. *Face.* Away, Sir.

Mam. A Count, nay, a Count Palatine——*Face.* Good Sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better: No, nor faster.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Subtle, Face, and Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit? *Face.* And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha'giv'n him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

Sub. And shall we twich him? *Face.* Through both the Gills.
A Wench is a rare Bait, with which a Man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks Mad.

Sub. *Dol*, my Lord *Wha'ts'hum's* Sister, you must now
Bear your self statelich. *Dol.* O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud;
Have all the Tricks of a proud scurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her Woman. *Face.* Well said, *Sanguine*.

Sub. But will he send his Andirons? *Face.* His Jack too;
And's Iron Shoing-horn: I ha'spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary Gamester, yonder.

Sub. O Monsieur *Caution*, that will not be gull'd?

Face. Ay, if I can strike a fine Hook into him, now,
The Temple-Church, there I have cast mine Angle.
Well, pray for me .I'll about it. *Sub.* What, more Gudgeons! [One knocks.]

Dol, scout, scout; stay *Face*, you must go to the Door:

Pray god it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, *Dol*?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like a Gold-end-Man.

Sub. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?
The sanctified Elder, that should deal

For *Mammon's* Jack and Andirons! Let him in.

Stay, help me off first with my Gown. Away,

Madam, to your Withdrawing-chamber. Now,

In a new Tune, new Gesture, but old Language.

This Fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the Stone too; for the holy Brethren

Of *Amsterdam*, the exil'd Saints; that hope

To raise their Discipline by it. I must use him

In some strange Fashion now, to make him admire me.

SCENE

The Alchemist.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, and Ananias.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? Face. Sir. Sub. Take away the Recipient,
And rectifie your *Menstrue*, from the *Phlegma*.

Then pour it, o'the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,

And let 'em macerate together. Face. Yes, Sir.

And save the Ground? Sub. No. *Terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the Work. Who are you?

Ana. A faithful Brother, if it please you. Sub. What's that?

A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?

Can you *sublime*, and *dulcesse*? *calcine*?

Know you the *Sapor pontick*? *Sapor stipstick*?

Or, what is *Homogene*, or *Heterogene*?

Ana. I understand no *Heathen* Language, truly.

Sub. *Heathen*, you *Knipper-Doling*! Is *Ars sacra*,

Or *Chrysopæia*, or *Spagirica*,

Or the *Pamphysick*, or *Panarchick* Knowledge,

A *Heathen* Language? Ana. *Heathen Greek*, I take it.

Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*? Ana. All's *Heathen*, but the *Hebrew*.

Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speak to him
Like a Philosopher: Answer, i'the Language.

Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations

Of Metals in the Work. Face. Sir, *Putrefaction*,

Solution,—*Ablution*, *Sublimation*,

Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and

Fixation. Sub. This is *Heathen Greek* to you, now?

And when comes *Vivification*? Face. After *Mortification*.

Sub. What's *Cohobation*? Face. 'Tis the pouring on

Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,

To the *Trine circle* of the *seven Spheres*.

Sub. What's the proper *Passion* of Metals? Face. *Malleation*.

Sub. What's your *Ultimum supplicium auri*? Face. *Antimonium*.

Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And, what's your *Mercury*?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.

Sub. How know you him? Face. By his *Viscosity*,
His *Oleasity*, and his *Suscitability*.

Sub. How do you *sublime* him? Face. With the *Calce* of *Egg-shells*,
White-Marble, *Talck*. Sub. Your *Magisterium*, now?

What's that? Face. *Shifting*, Sir, your *Elements*,

Dry into *Cold*, *Cold* into *Moist*, *Moist* in-

to *Hot*, *Hot* into *Dry*. Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you, still?

Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? Face. 'Tis a *Stone*, and not

A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:

Which, if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*,

If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*,

If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth*. Sub. Enough.

This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?

Ana.

Ana. Please you, a Servant of the exil'd Brethren,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a just account unto the Saints:

A Deacon. *Sub.* O, you are sent from Master *Wholsome*,

Your Teacher! *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholsome*,

Our very zealous Pastor. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here. *Ana.* Of what kind, Sir?

Sub. Pewter, and Brass, Andirons, and Kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must use our Med'cine on:

Wherein the Brethren may have a Pen'worth,

For ready Mony. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents

Sincere Professors? *Sub.* Why do you ask? *Ana.* Because

We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,

Their utmost value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,

And, if their Parents were not of the Faithful?

I will not trust you, now I think on't,

'Till I ha'talk'd with your Pastor. Ha'you brought Mony

To buy more Coals? *Ana.* No, surely. *Sub.* No? How so?

Ana. The Brethren bid me say unto you, Sir,

Surely, they will not venture any more,

'Till they may see Projection. *Sub.* How! *Ana.* You've had,

For the Instruments, as Bricks, and Lome, and Glasses,

Already thirty Pound; and, for Materials,

They say, some ninety more: And, they have heard since,

That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,

And a small Paper of Pin-dust. *Sub.* What's your name?

Ana. My name is *Ananias*. *Sub.* Out, the Varlet

That cozen'd the Apostles! Hence, away,

Flee Mischief: Had your holy Consistory

No Name to send me, of another sound,

Than wicked *Ananias*? Send your Elders

Hither, to make Atonement for you, quickly.

And gi'me Satisfaction; or, out goes

The Fire; and down th' *Alembecks*, and the Furnace,

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou Wretch,

Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, shall be lost,

Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the Bishops,

Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,

If they stay threescore Minutes. The *Aqueitie*,

Terreitie, and *Sulphureitie*

Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,

Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,

And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.

A Man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright

Those, that are froward, to an Appetite.

[Exit *Ananias*.]

S C E N E VI.

Face, Subtle, and Druggier.

Face. He's busie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now! What Mates? What *Baiards* ha'we here?

Face. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought yo'another Piece of Gold to look on:

(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,

You would devise (what is it, *Nab*?) *Drug*. A Sign, Sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving Sign, Doctor.

Sub. I was devising now. Face. (Slight do not say so,
He will repent he ga'you any more.)

What say you to his Constellation, Doctor?

The *Ballance*? Sub. No, that way is stale and common.

A Town's-man, born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;

Or the Bull's-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.

A poor Device. No, I will have his Name

Form'd in some mystick Character; whose *Radii*,

Striking the Senses of the passers by,

Shall, by a vertual Influence, breed Affections,

That may result upon the Party owns it:

As thus——Face. *Nab*! Sub. He first shall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;

And by it, standing one whose Name is *Dee*,

In a Rug-gown; there's *D.* and *Rug*, that's *Drug*:

And, right anenst him, a Dog snarling *Er*;

There's *Druggier*, *Abel Druggier*. That's his Sign.

And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick*!

Face. *Abel*, thou art made. *Drug*. Sir, I do thank his Worship.

Face. Six o'thy Legs more will not do it, *Nab*.

He has brought you a Pipe of Tobacco, Doctor. *Drug*. Yes, Sir:
I have another thing, I would impart——

Face. Out with it, *Nab*. *Drug*. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young Widow——Face. Good! A *Bona roba*?

Drug. But nineteen, at the most. Face. Very good, *Abel*.

Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears
A Hood: but 't stands a-cop. Face. No matter, *Abel*.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a *Eucus*——

Face. What! dost thou deal, *Nab*? Sub. I did tell you, Captain.

Drug. And Physick too sometime, Sir: For which she trusts me
With all her Mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the Fashion. Face. Good, (his match too!) on, *Nab*.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know her Fortune.

Face. Gods-lid, *Nab*, send her to the Doctor, hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his Worship, already:
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. Face. Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd, and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of, and your Widows

Are ne'er of any price 'till they be famous;
Their Honour is their multitude of Sutors:
Send her, it may be thy good Fortune. What?
Thou dost not know. *Drug.* No, Sir, she'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.

Face. What, and dost thou despair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,
And, seeing so many o'the City dubb'd?
One Glas o'thy Water, with a Madam, I 'now,
Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?

Drug. No, Sir, a Gentleman, newly warm in his Land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty; that do's govern
His Sister, here: And is a Man himself,
Of some three thousand a Year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again, and die i'the Country.

Face. How! to quarrel? *Drug.* Yes, Sir, to carry quarrels,
As Gallants do, and manage 'em by line.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab*! The Doctor is the only Man
In Christendom for him. He has made a Table,
With mathematical Demonstrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both:
Him and his Sister. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Go to.
'Shalt give his Worship a new damask Suit
Upon the Premises. *Sub.* O, good Captain. *Face.* He shall,
He is the honestest Fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.

Drug. I'll try my Power, Sir. *Face.* And thy Will too, *Nab*.

Sub. 'Tis good Tabacco this! What is't an Ounce?

Face. He'll send you a Pound, Doctor. *Sub.* O, no. *Face.* He will do't.
It is the gooddest Soul. *Abel*, about it.

(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)

[Exit *Drug*.]

A miserable Rogue, and lives with Cheese,
And has the Worms. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em. *Sub.* And shall, Sir. This works.

Face. A Wife, a Wife, for one on'us, my dear *Subtle*:
We'll e'en draw Lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in Goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less. For she may be so light
She may want Grains. *Face.* Ay, or be such a burden,
A Man could scarce endure her, for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

Face. Content. But *Dol* must ha'no Breath on't. *Sub.* Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.

Face. 'Pray God, I ha'not staid too long. *Sub.* I fear it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Tribulation and Ananias.

Trib. **T**Hese Chastisements are common to the Saints,
 And such Rebukes we of the *Separation*
 Must bear with willing Shoulders, as the Trials
 Sent forth to tempt our Frailties. *Ana.* In pure Zeal,
 I do not like the Man: He is a Heathen,
 And speaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.

Trib. I think him a profane Person indeed. *Ana.* He bears
 The visible mark of the Beast, in his Fore-head.
 And for his Stone, it is a work of Darkness,
 And, with Philosophy, blinds the Eyes of Man.

Trib. Good Brother, we must bend unto all Means,
 That may give furtherance, to the holy Cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: The sanctified Cause
 Should have a sanctified course. *Trib.* Not always necessary.

The Children of Perdition are oft-times
 Made Instruments, even of the greatest Works.
 Beside, we should give somewhat to Man's Nature,
 The place he lives in, still about the Fire,
 And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
 The Brain of Man, and make him prone to Passion.
 Where have you greater Atheists, than your Cooks?
 Or more Prophane, or Cholerick, than your Glass-men?
 More Antichristian than your Bell-Founders?
 What makes the Devil so devilish, I would ask you,
 Satan, our common Enemy, but his being
 Perpetually about the Fire, and boyling
 Brimstone and Arsnike? We must give, I say,
 Unto the motives, and the Stirrers up
 Of Humours in the Blood. It may be so,
 Whenas the Work is done, the Stone is made,
 This heat of his may turn into a Zeal,
 And stand up for the beauteous Discipline,
 Against the menstruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
 We must await his calling, and the coming
 Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
 With the Brethrens blessing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
 What need we have, to hasten on the Work,
 For the restoring of the silenc'd Saints,
 Which ne'er will be, but by the Philosopher's Stone.
 And, so a learned Elder, one of *Scotland*,
 Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
 The only Medicine, for the Civil Magistrate,
 Tincture him to a feeling of the Cause:
 And must be daily us'd, in the Disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not, since the beautiful Light first shone on me:
And I am sad, my Zeal hath so offended.

Trib. Let us call on him, then. *Ana.* The Motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

S C E N E II.

Subtle, Tribulation, and Ananias.

Sub. O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore Minutes
Were at the last Thread, you see; and down had gone

Furnus acedie, Turris circulatorius:

Lembeck, Bolt's-head, Retort, and Pellicane

Had all been Cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*

Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down, yet.

Trib. Sir, be pleas'd, he is come to humble
Himself in Spirit, and to ask your Patience,

If too much Zeal hath carry'd him, aside,

From the due Path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!

Trib. The Brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least Grievance; but are ready

To lend their willing Hands, to any Project

The Spirit, and you direct. *Sub.* This qualifies more!

Trib. And, for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful, else, to the holy Work,

It shall be numbred: here, by me, the Saints

Throw down their Purse before you. *Sub.* This qualifies, most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.

Have I discours'd so unto you of our Stone?

And, of the good that it shall bring your cause?

Shew'd you, (beside the main of hiring Forces

Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,

From th' *Indies*, to serve you with all their Fleet)

That ev'n the med'cinal use shall make you a Faction,

And Party in the Realm? As, put the case,

That some great Man in State, he have the Gout,

Why, you but send three Drops of your *Elixir*,

You help him straight: there you have made a Friend.

Another has the Palsie, or the Dropsie,

He takes of your incombustible Stuff,

He's young again: there you have made a Friend.

A Lady, that is past the feat of Body,

Though not of Mind, and hath her Face decay'd

Beyond all cure of Paintings, you restore

With the Oil of *Talek*; there you have made a Friend:

And all her Friends, A Lord, that is a *Leper*,

A Knight, that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire

That hath both these, you make 'em smooth, and sound,

With a bare *fricace* of your Med'cine: Still,

You

You increase your Friends. *Trib.* Ay, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate, at *Christmas*—— *Ana.* *Christ-tide*, I pray you.

Sub. Yet, *Ananias*? *Ana.* I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
His Parcel gilt, to massie Gold. You cannot
But raise your Friends. With all, to be of Power
To pay an Army in the Field, to buy
The King of *France*, out of his Realms; or *Spain*,
Out of his *Indies*: What can you not do,
Against Lords Spiritual, or Temporal,
That shall oppone you? *Trib.* Verily, 'tis true.

We may be temporal Lords our selves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded Exercises: or suck up,
Your ha, and hum, in a Tune. I not deny,
But such as are not grac'd in a State,
May, for their ends, be adverse in Religion,
And get a Tune, to call the Flock together:
For (to say sooth) a Tune do's much, with Women,
And other phlegmatick People, it is your Bell.

Ana. Bells are profane: a Tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then, farewell my Patience.
Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Trib. I pray you, Sir. *Sub.* All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Trib. Let me find Grace, Sir, in your Eyes; the Man
He stands corrected: neither did his Zeal
(But as your self) allow a Tune, somewhere.

Which, now, being tow'rd the Stone, we shall not need.

Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win Widows
To give you Legacies; or make zealous Wives
To rob their Husbands for the common Cause:
Nor take the start of Bonds, broke but one Day,
And say, *they were forfeited by Providence*.
Nor shall you need, o'er Night, to eat huge Meals,
To celebrate your next Day's Fast the better:
The whilst the Brethren, and the Sisters, humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the Flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry Hearers, scrupulous Bones,
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt;
Or whether Matrons, of the holy Assembly,
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublets:
Or have that idol Starch about their Linnen.

Ana. It is, indeed, an Idol. *Trib.* Mind him not, Sir.
I do command thee, Spirit (of Zeal, but Trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to Libel 'gainst the Prelates,
And shorten so your Ears, against the Hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor, of necessity,
Rail against Plays, to please the Alderman,

Whose daily Custard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous Rage, till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular Arts. Nor call your selves
By names of *Tribulation*, *Persecution*,
Restraint, *Long-Patience*, and such like, affected
By the whole Family, or Wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the Disciple. *Trib.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the godly Brethren have invented,
For Propagation of the glorious Cause,
As very notable means, and whereby, also,
Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.

Sub. O, but the Stone, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of Angels, Nature's Miracle,
The divine Secret, that doth flie in Clouds,
From East to West; and whose Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits. *Ana.* I hate Traditions:
I do not trust them——*Trib.* Peace. *Ana.* They are *Popish*, all.
I will not Peace. I will not——*Trib.* *Ananias*.

Ana. Please the Prophane, to grieve the Godly: I may not.

Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt overcome.

Trib. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, else, a very faithful Brother,
A Botcher: and a Man, by Revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.

Sub. Has he a competent Sum there, i'the Bag,
To buy the Goods, within? I am made Guardian,
And must, for Charity and Conscience-sake,
Now, see the most be made, for my poor Orphan:
Though I desire the Brethren, too, good Gainers.
There they are, within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for Projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the Med'cine, so much Silver
As there is Tin there, so much Gold as Brass,
I'll gi't it you in, by weight. *Trib.* But how long time,
Sir, must the Saints expect, yet? *Sub.* Let me see,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten Days hence
He will be *Silver potate*; then, three Days,
Before he *citronise*: some fifteen Days,
The *Magisterium* will be perfected.

Ana. About the second Day of the third Week,
In the ninth Month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias*.

Trib. What will the Orphan's Goods arise to, think you?

Sub. Some hundred Marks; as much as fill'd three Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six Millions of 'em.
But I must ha'more Coals laid in. *Trib.* How! *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we ha'finish'd. We must now encrease
Our Fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past

Fimus equinus, Balnei, Cineris,

And all those lenter Heats. If the holy Purse
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a present Sum, I have a trick
To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And, with a Tincture, make you as good *Dutch Dollers*,
As any are in *Holland*. *Trib.* Can you so?

Sub. Ay, and shall bide the third Examination.

Ana. It will be joyful Tidings to the Brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret. *Trib.* Ay, but stay,
This act of Coining, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
We know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,
This's foreign Coin. *Sub.* It is no Coining, Sir.
It is but Casting. *Trib.* Ha? you distinguish well.
Casting of Mony may be lawful. *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.

Trib. Truly, I take it so. *Sub.* There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This case of Conscience he is studied in.

Trib. I'll make a Question of it, to the Brethren.

Ana. The Brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.

Where shall't be done? *Sub.* For that we'll talk, anon.

There's some to speak with me, Go in, I pray you, *Knock without.*

And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.

I'll come to you straight. Who is it? *Face!* Appear.

SCENE III.

Subtle, Face, and Dol.

Sub. How now? Good prize? *Fac.* Good Pox! Yond' caustive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub.* How then? *Face.* I ha' walk'd the round,
'Till now, and no such thing. *Sub.* And ha' you quit him?

Face. Quit him? and Hell would quit him too, he were happy.

'Slight would you have me stalk like a Mill-jade

All day, for one that will not yield us Grains?

I know him of old. *Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,

Had been a Mast'ry. *Face.* Let him go, black Boy,

And turn thee, that some fresh News may possess thee.

A noble Count, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear

Delicious Compeer, and my Party-Bawd)

Who is come hither, private, for his Conscience,

And brought Munition with him, six great Sloops,

Bigger than three *Dutch-Hoighs*, beside round Trunks,

Furnish'd with Pistoles, and Pieces of Eight,

Will straight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath

(That is the Colour,) and to make his Battr'y

Upon our *Dol*, our Castle, our *Cinque-Port*,

Our *Dover-Pire*, our what thou wilt. Where is she?

She must prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,

The Bath in chief, a Banquet, and her Wit,

For Ihe must milk his *Epididimis*.

Where is the Doxy? *Sub.* I'll send her to thee:

And but dispatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,

And come again my self. *Face.* Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the Sum. *Face.* How much? *Sub.* A hundred Marks, Boy.

Face. Why, this's a lucky Day! Ten Pounds of *Mammon*!

Three o' my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!

This o' the Brethren! beside *Reversions*,

And States, to come i' the Widow, and my Count!

My Share, to Day, will not be bought for forty——*Dol.* What?

Face. Pounds, dainty *Dorothy*, art thou so near?

Dol. Yes; say Lord General, how fares our Camp?

Face. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their Discipline, against a World, *Dol.*

And laugh'd, within those Trenches, and grew fat

With thinking on the Booties, *Dol.* brought in

Daily, by their small Parties. This dear Hour

A doughty *Don* is taken, with my *Dol*;

And thou may'st make his Ransom what thou wilt,

My *Donsabel*: He shall be brought here, fetter'd

With thy fair Looks, before he sees thee; and thrown

In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon,

Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy Drum,

Thy Drum, my *Dol*, thy Drum, 'till he be tame

As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Frost,

Or Bees are with a Bason; and so Hive him

I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,

'Till he work Honey and Wax, my little Gods-gift.

Dol. What is he, General? *Face.* An *Adalantado*,

A *Grandee*, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?

Dol. No. *Face.* Nor my *Drugger*? *Dol.* Neither. *Face.* A pox on 'em,

They are so long a furnishing! such Stinkards

Would not be seen, upon these festival Days.

How now! ha' you done? *Sub.* Done; they are gone; the Sum

Is here in Bank, my *Face*. I would we knew

Another Chapman, now, would buy 'em out-right.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab* shall do't, against he ha' the Widow,

To furnish Household. *Sub.* Excellent, well thought on,

Pray God he come. *Face.* I pray he keep away,

'Till our new Business be o'er-past. *Sub.* But, *Face*,

How cam'st thou by this secret *Don*? *Face.* A Spirit

Brought me th' Intelligence, in a Paper, here,

As I was Conjuring, yonder, in my Circle

For *Surly*: I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Earth

Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,

You must go tune your Virginal, no losing

O' the least time. And, do you hear? Good Action.

Firk, like a Flounder; kifs, like a Scollop, close;

And tickle him with thy Mother-Tongue. His great

Verdugo-ship has not a jot of Language :

So much the easier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,

He will come here, in a hir'd Coach, obscure,

And our own Coach-man, whom I have sent, as Guide,

No Creature else. Who's that? *Sub.* It i' not he?

[*One knocks.*]

Face. O no, not yet this Hour. *Sub.* Who is't? *Dol.* *Dapper*,

Your Clark. *Face.* God's Will, then, Queen of Fairy,

On with your Tyre; and, Doctor, with your Robes.

Let's dispatch him, for God's sake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.

Face. I warrant you, take but the Cues I give you,

It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and, I think, the angry Boy, the Heir,

That fain would quarrel. *Sub.* And the Widow? *Face.* No,

Not that I see. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

S C E N E IV.

Face, Dapper, Druggen, and Kastril.

The Doctor is within, a moving for you;

(I have had the most ado to win him to it)

He swears, you'll be the Darling o' the Dice:

He never heard her Highness dote, 'till now (he says.)

Your Aunt has giv'n you the most gracious Words

That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I see her Grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too. What? *Honest Nab!*

Hast brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's Tobacco.

Face. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Damask too?

Drug. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Master *Kastril*,

I have brought to see the Doctor. *Face.* Where's the Widow?

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he says) shall come.

Face. O, is it so? 'good time. Is your name *Kastril*, Sir?

Kast. Ay, and the best o' the *Kastrils*, I'd be sorry else,

By fifteen hundred a Year. Where is this Doctor?

My mad Tobacco-Boy, here, tells me of one

That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Face.* Wherein, Sir?

Kast. To carry a Business, manage a Quarrel, fairly,

Upon fit Terms. *Face.* It seems, Sir, yo' are but young

About the Town, that can make that a Question!

Kast. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some Speech

Of the angry Boys, and seen 'em take Tobacco;

And in his Shop: and I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down

And practise i' the Country. *Face.* Sir, for the *Duello*,

The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,

To the least shadow of a Hair; and shew you

An Instrument he has, of his own making,

Wherewith no sooner shall you make report

Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't

Most instantly; and tell in what degree

Of safety it lyes in, or Mortality.

And,

And, how it may be born, whether in a right line,
Of a half Circle; or may, else, be cast
Into an Angle-blunt, if not acute:

All this he will demonstrate. And then rules,
To give, and take the lie by. *Kast.* How? to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique, he'll shew you: or in Circle:
But never in Diameter. The whole Town

Study his *Theoremes*, and dispute them, ordinarily,
At the eating *Academies*. *Kast.* But, does he teach
Living by the Wits too? *Face.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty, but he reads it.

He made me a Captain. I was a stark Pimp,
Just o'your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It is not two Months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some Ordinary.

Kast. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me. *Face.* For why, Sir?

Kast. There's Gaming there, and Tricks. *Face.* Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not Game? *Kast.* Ay, 'twill spend a Man.

Face. Spend you? It will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their Wits, there, that have vented
Six times your Fortunes? *Kast.* What, three thousand a Year!

Face. Ay, forty thousand. *Kast.* Are there such? *Face.* Ay, Sir.

And Gallants, yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a Year,
Which I count nothing. He's to be initiated,
And have a fly o'the Doctor. He will win you
By unresistable Luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a Barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the Groom-porters, all the *Christmas*!
And, for the whole Year through, at every place,
Where there is Play, present him with the Chair;
The best Attendance, the best Drink, sometimes
Two Glasses of *Canary*, and pay nothing;
The purest Linnen, and the sharpest Knife,
The Partridge next his Trencher: and, somewhere,
The Dainty Bed, in private, with the Dainty.
You shall ha'your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houses for a Poet; and the Master
Pray him, aloud, to name what Dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd Shrimps: And those that drink
To no Mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly, president Mouth of all the Board.

Kast. Do you not gull one? *Face.* Od's my Life! Do you think it?
You shall have a Cast-commander, (can but get
In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For some two Pair, of either's Ware, afore-hand)
Will, by most swift Posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means, to keep himself,
His Punk, a d naked Boy, in excellent Fashion.

And be admir'd for't. *Kast.* Will the Doctor teach this?

Face. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone,
(As Men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a vacation, when small Mony is stirring,
And Ordinaries suspended 'till the Term,
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the Faces, and the Persons
Of all sufficient young Heirs, in Town,
Whose Bonds are currant for Commodity;
On th'other side, the Merchants forms, and others,
(That, without help of any second Broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such Parcels:
In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
Where the Commodity dwells, and do's but wait
To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Soap,
Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Wood, or Cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy,
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.

Kast. I'faith! Is he such a Fellow? *Face.* Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for Matches, for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'st Man!
He's sent to far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counsel, and to know their Fortunes.

Kast. God's will, my Sister shall see him. *Face.* I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a strange thing!
(By the way you must eat no Cheese, *Nab*, it breeds Melancholly:
And that same Melancholly breeds Worms) but pass it,
He told me, honest *Nab*, here, was ne'er at Tavern,
But once in's Life! *Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not.

Face. And then he was so sick——*Drug.* Could he tell you that, too?
Drug. How should I know it? *Drug.* In troth we had been a Shooting,
And had a piece of fat Ram-mutton, to Supper,
That lay so heavy o'my Stomach——*Face.* And he has no head
To bear any Wine; for, what with the Noise o'the Fiddlers,
And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants——

Drug. My head did so ach——*Face.* As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then, a good old Woman——

Drug. (Yes, faith, she dwells in *Sea-coat-Lane*) did cure me,
With sodden Ale, and Pellitory o'the Wall:
Cost me but two Pence. I had another Sickness,
Was worse than that. *Face.* Ay, that was with the Grief
Thou took'st for being sels'd at eighteen Pence,
For the Water-work. *Drug.* In truth, and it was like
T'have cost me almost my Life. *Face.* Thy Hair went off?

Drug. Yes, Sir, 'twas done for spight. *Face.* Nay, so says the Doctor.

Kast. Pray thee, Tobacco-Boy, go fetch my Sister,
I'll see this learn'd Boy, before I go:

And so shall she. *Face.* Sir, he is busie now:

But, if you have a Sister to fetch hither,

Perhaps, your own Pains may command her sooner;
And he, by that time, will be free. *Kast.* I go.

Face. *Drugger*, she's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle*, and I
Must wrestle for her.) Come on, Master *Dapper*.

You see how I turn Clients, here away

To give your Cause dispatch. Ha'you perform'd

The Ceremonies were injoin'd you? *Dap.* Yes, O'the Vinegar,

And the clean Shirt. *Face.* 'Tis well: That Shirt may do you

More worship than you think. Your Aunt's afire

But that she will not shew it, t'have a Sight on you.

Ha'you provided for her Grace's Servants?

Dap. Yes, here are sixscore *Edward's* Shillings. *Face.* Good.

Dap. And an old *Harry's* Sovereign. *Face.* Very good.

Dap. And three *James's* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth's* Groat,
Just twenty Nobles. *Face.* O, you are too just.

I would you had had the other Noble in *Mary's*.

Dap. I have some *Philip*, and *Mary's*. *Face.* Ay, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

S C E N E V.

Subtle disguis'd like a Priest of Fairy, *Face*, *Dapper*, and *Dol*.

Sub. Is yet her Grace's Cousin come? *Face.* He is come.

Sub. And is he Fasting? *Face.* Yes. *Sub.* And hath cry'd, *Hum*?

Face. Thrice, you must answer. *Dap.* Thrice. *Sub.* And as oft, *Buz*?

Face. If you have, say. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then, to her Coz,

Hoping that he hath Vinegard his Senses,

As he was bid, the *Fairy* Queen dispenses,

By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of Fortune;

Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.

And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,

Yet, nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:

And, therefore, even of that a Piece she hath sent,

Which, being a Child, to wrap him in, was rent;

And prays him, for a Scarf, he now will wear it

(With as much love, as then her Grace did tear it)

About his Eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a Rag.*]

And, trusting unto her to make his State,

He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;

Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Face. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,

But what he will part withal, as willingly,

Upon her Grace's word (throw away your Purse)

As she would ask it: (Handkerchiefs, and all)

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.

(If you have a Ring about you, cast it off,

Or a Silver-Seal at your Wrist, her Grace will send

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*]

Her *Fairies* here to search you, therefore deal

Directly with her Highness. If they find

That

That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)

Dap. Truly, there's all. *Face.* All what? *Dap.* My Mony, truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory, about you.

(*Bid Dol* play Musick.) Look, the *Elves* are come

Dol enters with a Cittern: They pinch him.

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you:

Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-royal in't. *Face.* *Ti, ti,*
They knew't, they say. *Sub.* *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.

Face. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I'the t'other Pocket? *Sub.* *Titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.

Dap. O, O. *Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He is her Grace's Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the Fairies. Shew

You are an Innocent. *Dap.* By this good Light, I ha'nothing.

Sub. *Ti ti, ti ti to ta.* He does equivocate, she says:

Ti, ti do ti, titi do, ti da. And swears by the Light, when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good Dark, I ha'nothing but a Half-Crown
Of Gold, about my Wrist, that my Love gave me;
And a leaden Heart I wore, sin'she forsook me.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your Aunt's Displeasure for these Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns.
You may wear your leaden Heart still. How now.

Sub. What News, *Dol?* *Dol.* Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon.*

Face. Gods-lid, we never thought of him, 'till now?
Where is he? *Dol.* Here, hard by. He's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol,* get his Suit.
He must not be sent back. *Face.* O, by no means.

What shall we do with this same Puffin here,
Now he's o'the Spit? *Sub.* Why, lay him back a while,
With some Device. *Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti.* Would her Grace speak with me?
I come. Help, *Dol.* *Face.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure;*

[*He speaks through the Key-hole, the other Knocking.*]

My Master's i'the way. Please you to walk

Three or four turns, but 'till his back be turn'd,

And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her Grace

Commends her kindly to you, Master *Dapper.*

Dap. I long to see her Grace. *Sub.* She now is set

At Dinner, in her Bed; and she has sent you,

From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouse,

And a piece of Ginger-bread, to be merry withal,

And stay your Stomach, lest you faint with Fasting:

Yet, if you could hold out, 'till she saw you (*she says*)

It would be better for you. *Face.* Sir, he shall

Hold out, and 'twere this two hours, for her Highness;

I can assure you that. We will not lose

All we ha'done——*Sub.* He must not see, nor speak

To any body, 'till then. *Face.* For that, we'll put, Sir,

A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Face.* Of Ginger-bread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace
Thus far, shall not now crinkle, for a little.

Gape, Sir, and let him sit you. *Sub.* Where shall we now
Bestow him? *Dol.* I the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,
I now must shew you *Fortune's* privy Lodgings.

Face. Are they perfum'd? and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's somewhat strong.

Face. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, Mammon, and Dol.

Face. O, Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time——

Mam. Where's Master? *Face.* Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will be all chang'd shortly. *Mam.* Into Gold?

Face. To Gold and Silver, Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars. *Mam.* Where's the Lady?

Face. At hand, here. I ha'told her such brave things, o'you,
Touching your Bounty and your noble Spirit——*Mam.* Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her Fit to see you.

But, good Sir, no Divinity i' your Conference,

For fear of putting her in rage——*Mam.* I warrant thee.

Face. Six Men will not hold her down. And, then
If the old Man should hear, or see you——*Mam.* Fear not.

Face. The very House, Sir, would run mad. You know it:
How scrupulous he is, and violent,

'Gainst the least act of Sin. Physick, or Mathematicks,

Poetry, State, or Bawdry (as I told you)

She will endure, and never startle: But

No word of Controversie. *Mam.* I am school'd, good *Ulen.*

Face. And you must praise her House, remember that,

And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:

No Herald, no nor Antiquary, *Lungs,*

Shall do it better. Go. *Face.* Why, this is yet

A kind of modern Happiness, to have

Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure,*

Heighten thy self, talk to her all in Gold;

Rain her as many Showers, as *Jove* did Drops

Unto his *Danae*: shew the God a Miser,

Compar'd with *Mammon*. What? the Stone will do't.

She shall feel Gold, tast Gold, hear Gold, sleep Gold:

Nay, we will *concumbers* Gold. I will be puissant,

And mighty in my talk to her! Here she comes.

Face. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble Knight;

I told your Ladyship——*Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,

I kiss your Vesture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil.

If I would suffer that, my Lip to you, Sir.

Mam.

Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in Health, Lady?

Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.

Face. (Well said my *Guiny*-bird.) *Mam.* Right noble Madam——

Face. (O, we shall have most fierce Idolatry!)

Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative. *Dol.* Rather your Courtesie.

Mam. Were there nought else t' enlarge your Virtues to me,
These Answers speak your Breeding, and your Blood.

Dol. Blood, we boast none, Sir, a poor Baron's Daughter.

Mam. Poor! and 'gat you? Profane not. Had your Father
Slept all the happy remnant of his Life

After that act, lyen but there still, and panted,
H' had done enough, to make himself, his Issue,
And his Posterity noble. *Dol.* Sir, although
We may be said to want the Gilt, and Trappings,
The dress of Honour; yet we strive to keep
The Seeds, and the Materials. *Mam.* I do see
The old Ingredient, Virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug Mony, us'd to make your Compound.
There's a strange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do resemble
One o' the *Austriack* Princes. *Face.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Irish* Costar-monger.

Mam. The House of *Valois* just had such a Nose;
And such a Forehead yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boast. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these Princes. *Face.* I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! It is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.

Face. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain touch, or Air,
That sparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.

Mam. Good Lady, gi'me leave—— *Dol.* In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn i' this sweet Flame:
The *Phoenix* never knew a nobler Death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier; and destroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole Faith in question. *Mam.* By my Soul——

Dol. Nay, Oaths are made o' the same Air, Sir. *Mam.* Nature
Never bestow'd upon Mortality,
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces, else.
Sweet Madam, le'me be particular——

Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to ask
How your fair Grace passes the Hours? I see
Yo' are lodg'd, here, i' the House of a rare Man,
An excellent Artift: But, what's that to you?

Dol.

Dol. Yes, Sir. I study here the Mathematicks,
And Distillation. *Mam.* O, I cry your Pardon.

H'is a divine Instructor! can extract

The souls of all things, by his Art; call all

The Virtues, and the Miracles of the Sun,

Into a temperate Furnace: teach dull Nature

What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror

Has courted, above *Kelley*; sent his Medals,

And Chains, t'invite him. *Dol.* Ay, and for his Physick, Sir——

Mam. Above the Art of *Æsculapius*,

That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!

I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,

Whole, with these Studies that contemplate Nature.

Mam. It is a noble Humour. But, this form

Was not intended to so dark a use!

Had you been crooked, foul, of some course Mould,

A Cloyster had done well: But, such a Feature

That might stand up the Glory of a Kingdom,

To live recluse! is a meer *Solacisme*,

Though in a Nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my Lord your Brother will permit it!

You should spend half my Land first, were I he.

Do's not this Diamond better, on my Finger,

Then i'the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are like it.

You were created, Lady, for the Light!

Hear, you shall wear it; take it, the first Pledge

Of what I speak: to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In Chains of Adamant? *Mam.* Yes, the strongest Bands.

And take a Secret, too. Here, by your side,

Doth stand, this Hour, the happiest Man in *Europe*.

Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being:

The Envy of Princes, and the fear of States.

Dol. Say you so, Sir *Epicure*? *Mam.* Yes, and thou shalt prove it;

Daughter of Honour. I have cast mine Eye

Upon thy form, and I will rear this Beauty,

Above all stiles. *Dol.* You mean no Treason, Sir!

Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.

I am the Lord of the *Philosopher's Stone*,

And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha'you that?

Mam. I am the Master of the Maistry.

This day, the good old Wretch, here, o'the House

Has made it for us. Now, he's at Projection.

Think therefore, thy first wish, now; let me hear it:

And it shall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,

But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,

To get a Nation on thee! *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,

To work on the Ambition of our Sex.

Mam. I'm pleas'd, the Glory of her Sex should know.

This Nook here, of the Friar's, is no Climate

For her, to live obscurely in, to learn
 Physick and Surgery, for the Constable's Wife
 Of some odd Hundred in *Essex*; but come forth,
 And taste the Air of Palaces; eat, drink
 The Toils of *Emp'ricks*, and their boasted Practice;
 Tincture of Pearl, and Coral, Gold, and Amber;
 Be seen at Feasts, and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
 What Miracle she is? Set all the Eyes
 Of Court afire, like a Burning-glass,
 And work 'em into Cinders; when the Jewels
 Of twenty States adorn thee; and the Light
 Strikes out the Stars; that, when thy Name is mention'd,
 Queens may look pale: and we but shewing our Love,
Nero's Poppa may be lost in Story!

Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well consent, Sir,
 But in a Monarchy, how will this be?
 The Prince will soon take notice; and both seize
 You, and your Stone: it being a Wealth unfit
 For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.

Dol. Your self do boast it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my Life.

Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
 The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Prison,
 By speaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear!
 We'll therefore go with all, my Girl, and live
 In a free State; where we will eat our Mullets,
 Sous'd in high Country-wines, sup Pheasant's Eggs,
 And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver-shells,
 Our Shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
 In a rare Butter, made of Dolphin's Milk,
 Whose Cream does look like Opals: and, with these
 Delicate Meats, set our selves high for Pleasure,
 And take us down again, and then renew
 Our Youth and Strength with drinking the *Elixir*,
 And so enjoy a perpetuity
 Of Life and Lust. And, thou shalt ha'thy Wardrobe
 Richer than Nature's, still to change thy self,
 And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than she:
 Or Art, her wife, and almost equal Servant.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you, every word,
 Into the Laboratory. Some fitter place.
 The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee. *Face.* But, do you hear?
 Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbines*.

Mam. We think not on 'em. *Face.* O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle?*

SCENE II.

Face, Subtle, Kastril, and Dame Pliant.

Face. Dost thou not laugh? *Sub.* Yes. Are they gone? *Face.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come. *Face.* And your quarrelling Disciple?

Sub.

Sub. Ay. Face. I must to my Captainship again, then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first. Face. So I meant. What is she?

A Bony-bell? Sub. I know not. Face. We'll draw Lots,
You'll stand to that? Sub. What else? Face. O, for a Suit,
To fall now, like a Cortine: Flap. Sub. Toth' Door, Man.

Face. You'll ha'the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the Nostrils.

Face. Who would you speak with? Kast. Where's the Captain? Face. Gone, Sir,
About some Business. Kast. Gone? Face. He'll return straight.
But Master Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near my worshipful Boy, my *terra Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy approaches:
Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfie 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. Kast. You lie.

Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden Boy! Kast. Nay, that look you too,
I am aforehand. Sub. O, this's no true Grammar,
And as ill Logick: You must render Causes, Child,
Your first and second Intentions, know your Canons,
And your Divisions, Modes, Degrees, and Differences,
Your Prædicaments, Substance, and Accident,
Series externe, and interne, with their Causes
Efficient, material, formal, final,

And ha'your Elements perfect——Kast. What is this!
The angry Tongues he talks in? Sub. That false Precept,
Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number;
And made 'em enter Quarrels oftentimes,
Before they were aware: and, afterward,
Against their Wills. Kast. How must I do then, Sir?

Sub. I cry this Lady's Mercy. She should, first,
Have been saluted. I do call you Lady,
Because you are to be one e'er't be long,
My soft and buxome Widow. Kast. Is she, i-faith?

[Sub. kisses her.]

Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.

Kast. How know you? Sub. By Inspection on her Forehead.
And subtilty of her Lip, which must be tasted
Often to make a Judgment. 'Slight, she melts
Like a Myrobalane! Here is, yet, a line
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.

[He kisses her again.]

Pli. What is he then, Sir? Sub. Let me see your Hand.
O, your *linea Fortuna* makes it plain;
And *stella*, here, in *monte Veneris*:
But most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady:
But shall have some great Honour, shortly. Pli. Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me! Kast. Hold your Peace.
Here comes t'other rare Man. 'Save you, Captain.

Face. Good Master *Kastril*. Is this your Sister? *Kast.* Ay, Sir. Please you to kiss her, and be proud to know her?

Face. I shall be proud to know you, Lady. *Pli.* Brother, He calls me Lady, too. *Kast.* Ay, peace. I heard it.

Face. The Count is come. *Sub.* Where is he? *Face.* At the Door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him. *Face.* What'll you do With these the while? *Sub.* Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em Some fustian Book, or the dark Glasse. *Face.* 'Fore god, She is a delicate Dab-chick! I must have her.

Sub. Must you? Ay, if your Fortune will, you must. Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us presently. I'll ha' you to my Chamber of Demonstrations, Where I'll shew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*, And *Rhetorick* of quarrelling; my whole method, Drawn out in Tables: and my Instrument, That hath the several Scale upon't, shall make you Able to quarrel, at a Straw's breath, by Moon-light. And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glasse, Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-sight, Against you see your Fortune: which is greater Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

S C E N E III.

Face, *Subtle*, and *Surly*.

Face. Where are you, Doctor? *Sub.* I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same Widow, now I ha' seen her, On any composition. *Sub.* What do you say?

Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' sent 'em up.

Face. *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must have this Widow.

Sub. Is that the matter? *Face.* Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to, If you rebel once, *Dol* shall know it all. Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now——Do but conceive: Thou art old, and canst not serve——*Sub.* Who, cannot I? 'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——*Face.* Nay, But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, sell my Fortune? 'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur. Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol* Knows it directly. *Face.* Well Sir, I am silent. Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in State?

Sub. I follow you, Sir: We must keep *Face* in awe, Or he will over-look us like a Tyrant. Brain of a Tailor! Who comes here? *Don Jon!*

[*Surly* like a Spaniard.

Sur. *Sennores*, *besolas* *manos*, *a vuestras mercedes*.

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kiss our *Anos*.

Face. Peace, *Subtle*. *Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, Man. He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter, Serv'd in by a short Cloak upon two Tressils!

Face.

Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of Brawn, cut down Beneath the Soufe, and wriggled with a Knife?

Sub. 'Slid, he do's look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Face. Perhaps some *Fleming*, or some *Hollander* got him In *D'alva's* time: *Count Egmont's* Bastard. *Sub.* Don, Your scurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.* *Sub.* He speaks out of a Fortification. 'Pray God he ha' no Squibs in those deep Sets.

Sur. *Por dios, Sennores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he? *Face.* Praises the House, I think, I know no more but's action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Casa*,

My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough, To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall Be cozened, *Diego.* *Face.* Cozened, do you see? My worthy *Donzel*, cozened. *Sur.* *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don.* Have you brought Pistolets? or Portagues?

[He feels his Pockets.

My solemn *Don*? Dost thou feel any? *Face.* Full.

Sub. You shall be emptied, *Don*; pumped, and drawn Dry, as they say. *Face.* Milked, in troth, sweet *Don.*

Sub. See all the Monsters; the great Lion of all, *Don.*

Sur. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta Sennora?*

Sub. What talks he now? *Face.* O'the *Sennora.* *Sub.* O, *Don*, That is the Lioness, which you shall see.

Alfo, my *Don.* *Face.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we do?

Sub. For what? *Face.* Why, *Dol's* employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true 'Fore Heav'n I know not: He must stay, that's all.

Face. Stay? That he must not by no means. *Sub.* No, why?

Face. Unless you'll marr all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it.

And then he will not pay, not half so well.

This is a travell'd Punck-Master, and do's know

All the delays; a notable hot Rascal,

And looks already Rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*

Must not be troubled. *Face.* *Mammon*, in no case!

Sub. What shall we do then? *Face.* Think: you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, quella Sennora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranga de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o'the Widow. What dost thou say to draw her to't? ha?

And tell her it is her Fortune. All our Venture

Now lyes upon't. It is but one Man more,

Which on's chance to have her: and, beside,

There is no Maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.

What dost thou think on't, *Subtle*? *Sub.* Who, I? Why ———

Face. The credit of our House too is engag'd.

Sub. You made me an offer for my share e'er while.

What wilt thou gi'me, i'faith? *Face.* O, by that light,

I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,

And wear her out for me. *Sub.* 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

Face. It is the common cause, therefore bethink you.

Doll else must know it, as you said. *Sub.* I care not.

Sur. *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old. *Face.* That's now no reason, Sir.

Sur. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

Face. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call.

And loose the Hinges, *Doll.* *Sub.* A plague of Hell——

Face. Will you then do? *Sub.* You're a terrible Rogue.

I'll think of this: will you, Sir, call the Widow?

Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,

Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my Heart, Sir,

Am I discharg'd o'the Lot? *Face.* As you please. *Sub.* Hands.

Face. Remember now, that upon any change,

You never claim her. *Sub.* Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.

Marry a Whore? *Fate,* let me wed a Witch first.

Sur. *Por estas honrada's barbas——* *Sub.* He swears by his Beard.

Dispatch, and call the Brother too. *Sur.* *Tiengo dñda, Sennores,*
Que no me hagan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *prasto Sennor.* Please you
Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy *Don*,

Where if it please the *Fates*, in your *bathada*,

You shall be soak'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd:

And scrub'd, and fub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.

You shall, in faith, my scurvy Baboon *Don*:

Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.

I will the heartilier go about it now,

And make the Widow a Punk, so much the sooner,

To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:

The quickly doing of it is the grace.

S C E N E IV.

Face, *Kastril*, *Dame Pliant*, *Subtle*, and *Surly*.

Face. Come Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
'Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.

Kast. To be a Countess, say you? A *Spanish* Countess, Sir.

Pli. Why? is that better than an *English* Countess?

Face. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, Lady?

Kast. Nay, she's a Fool, Captain, you must pardon her.

Face. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns of Court-man,
To your meer Milliner; they will tell you all

Your *Spanish* Jennet is the best Horse. Your *Spanish*

Stoop is the best Garb. Your *Spanish* Beard

Is the best cut. Your *Spanish* Ruffs are the best

Wear. Your *Spanish* Pavin the best Dance.

Your *Spanish* Titillation in a Glove

The best Perfume. And, for your *Spanish* Pike,

And *Spanish* Blade, let your poor Captain speak.

Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My most Honour'd Lady,
(For so I am now to stile you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to under-go
An honourable Fortune, very shortly.)

What will you say now, if some ——— *Face.* I ha' told her all, Sir.
And her right worshipful Brother, here, that she shall be
A Countess; do not delay 'em, Sir. A *Spanish* Countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do. *Kast.* She shall do that, Sir.
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge. *Sub.* Well then. Nought rests
But that she fit her Love, now, to her Fortune.

Pli. Truly, I shall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?

Pli. Never sin' *Eighty Eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was some three Years afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable:
Chuse which you will. *Face.* By this good rush, perswade her,
She will cry Straw-berries else within this Twelve-Month.

Sub. Nay, Shads, and Mackrel, which is worse. *Face.* Indeed, Sir?

Kast. Gods-lid, you shall love him or I'll kick you. *Pli.* Why?
I'll do as you will ha'me, Brother. *Kast.* Do,

Or by this Hand, I'll maul you. *Face.* Nay, good Sir,

Be not so fierce. *Sub.* No, my enrag'd Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to taste

The Pleasures of a Countess! to be courted——

Face. And kist, and ruffled! *Sub.* Ay, behind the Hangings.

Face. And then come forth in Pomp! *Sub.* And know her State!

Face. Of keeping all th'Idolaters o'the Chamber
Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is, serv'd
Upon the Knee! *Face.* And has her Pages, Huisfers,
Footmen, and Coaches——*Sub.* Her six Mares——*Face.* Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through *London* to th'*Exchange*,
Be'tem, the *China-Houses*——*Face.* Yes, and have
The Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires!
And my Lord's Goose-turd Bands, that rides with her!

Kast. Most brave! By this Hand, you are not my Sister,
If you refuse. *Pli.* I will not refuse, Brother.

Sur. *Que es esto, Sennores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mata! *Face.* It is the Count come!
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.

Sub. *En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

Face. Is't not a gallant Language that they speak?

Kast. An admirable Language! Is't not *French*?

Face. No, *Spanish*, Sir. *Kast.* It goes like *Law-French*?
And that, they say, is the courtliest Language. *Face.* List, Sir.

Sur. *El Sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el*
Rasplandor, que trae esta dama. Valga me dios!

Face. He admires your Sister. *Kast.* Must not she make a Curtsie?

Sub. O'ds will, she must go to him, Man; and kiss him!

It is the *Spanish* Fashion, for the Women

To make first court. *Face.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:

His Art knows all. *Sur.* *Por que no se acude?*

Kast. He speaks to her, I think? *Face.* That he does, Sir,

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kast. Nay, see: She will not understand him! *Gull.*

Noddy. *Ph.* What say you, Brother? *Kast.* Als, my Sister,

Go kiss him, as the cunning Man would ha'you,

I'll thrust a Pin i' your Buttocks else. *Face.* O, no Sir.

Sur. *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigno esta*

Alle gar à tanta Hermosura.

Face. Does he not use her bravely? *Kast.* Bravely, i-faith!

Face. Nay, he will use her better. *Kast.* Do you think so?

Sur. *Sennora, si fera servida, entremus.*

Kast. Where does he carry her? *Face.* Into the Garden, Sir:

Take you no Thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my fierce Child, advance,

We'll to our quarrelling Lesson again. *Kast.* Agreed.

I love a *Spanish* Boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you shall be Brother

To a great Count. *Kast.* Ay, I knew that at first.

This Match will advance the House of the *Kastrils*.

Sub. 'Pray God, your Sister prove but pliant. *Kast.* Why,

Her Name is so: By her other Husband. *Sub.* How!

Kast. The Widow *Pliant*, Knew you not that? *Sub.* No faith, Sir.

Yet, by erection of her Figure, I guess it.

Come, let's go practice. *Kast.* Yes, but do you think, Doctor,

I e'er shall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, and Subtle.

Dol. For after Alexander's death----*Mam.* Good Lady---- [*In her fit of talking.*]

Dol. That *Perdiccas*, and *Antigonus* were slain,

The two that stood, *Seleuc*, and *Ptolomee*-----

Mam. Madam. *Dol.* Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beast.

That was *Gog-north*, and *Egypt-south*: which after

Was call'd *Gog Iron-leg*, and *South Iron-leg*-----*Mam.* Lady-----

Dol. And then *Gog-horned*. So was *Egypt* too.

Then *Egypt Clay-leg*, and *Gog Clay-leg*-----*Mam.* Sweet Madam.

Dol. And last *Gog-dust*, and *Egypt-dust*, which fall

In the last Link of the fourth Chain. And these

Be Stars in Story, which none see, or look at-----

Mam. What shall I do? *Dol.* For, as he says, except

We call the *Rabbines*, and the *Heathen Greeks*-----

Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol.* To come from *Salem*, and from *Athens*,

And teach the People of Great Britain----*Face.* What's the matter, Sir?

Dol.

Dol. To speak the Tongue of Eber, and Javan—Mam. O, She's in her Fit. Dol. We shall know nothing—Face. Death, Sir, We are undone. Dol. Where, then, a learned Linguist Shall see the antient us'd Communion Of Vowels, and Consonants—Face. My Master will hear!

Dol. A Wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high—Mam. Sweet honourable Lady, Dol. To comprise All sounds of Voices, in few marks of Letters—

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

Dol. And so we arrive by Talmud Skill, And profane Greek, to raise the Building up Of Helen's House, against the Ismaelite, King of Thogarma, and his Habergions Bramstony, blue, and fiery; and the force Of King Abaddon, and the Beast of Cistim, Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos, And Aben-Ezra do interpret Rome.

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Face. How did you put her into't? Mam. Alas, I talk'd They speak together. Of a fifth Monarchy I would erect, With the Philosopher's Stone (by chance) and she Falls on the other four, straight. Face. Out of Broughton! I told you so. 'Slid stop her Mouth. Mam. Is't best? Face. She'll never leave else. If the old Man hear her, We are but Faces, Ashes. Sub. What's to do there? Face. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me? Sub. How! What sight is here!

[Upon Subtle's Entry they disperse.]

Close Deeds of Darknes, and that shun the Light! Bring him again. Who is he? What, my Son! O, I have liv'd too long. Mam. Nay good, dear Father, There was no unchast purpose. Sub. Not? and fly me, When I come in? Mam. That was my Error. Sub. Error? Guilt, guilt, my Son. Give it the right name. No marvel, If I found check in our great Work within, When such Affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so? Sub. It has stood still this half Hour: And all the rest of our less Works gone back. Where is the Instrument of Wickedness, My lewd false Drudge? Mam. Nay, good Sir, blame not him. Believe me, 'twas against his Will, or Knowledge. I saw her by chance. Sub. Will you commit more Sin T'excuse a Varlet? Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, Sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom The Blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt Heav'n: And lose your Fortunes. Mam. Why, Sir? Sub. This'll retard The Work a Month at least. Mam. Why, if it do, What remedy? but think it not, good Father: Our purposes were honest. Sub. As they were, So the reward will prove. How now! Ay me. [A great Crack and Noise within. God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?

Face. O Sir, we are defeated! all the Works Are flown in fumo; every Glas is burst. Furnace, and all rent down! as if a Bolt Of Thunder had been driv'n through the House.

Retorts, Receivers, Pellicans, Bolt-heads, All strook in shivers! Help, good Sir! Alas, [Subtle falls down as in a Swoon. Coldness and Death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon, Do the fair Offices of a Man! You stand, As you were readier to depart, than he.

H

Who's

Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come. *Mam.* Ha, *Lungs?* [*One knocks.*
Face. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his sight,
 For he's as furious as his Sister is mad.

Mam. Alas! *Face.* My Brain is quite undone with the Fume, Sir,
 I ne'er must hope to be mine own Man again.

Mam. Is all lost, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preserv'd,
 Of all our cost? *Face.* Faith, very little, Sir.

A peck of Coals or so, which is cold Comfort, Sir.

Mam. O my voluptuous Mind! I am justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, Sir. *Mam.* Cast from all my Hopes——

Face. Nay, Certainties, Sir. *Mam.* By mine own base Affections.

Sub. O, the curst Fruits of Vice, and Lust! *Mam.* Good Father,
 [Subtle seems to come to himself.]

It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
 Over us still, and will not fall, O Justice,
 Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Face.* Nay, look, Sir,
 You grieve him now, with staying in his sight:
 Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
 And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
 For some good Penance, you may ha'it yet,
 A hundred Pound to the Box at Ber'lem——*Mam.* Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as ha'their Wits. *Mam.* I'll do't.

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.

Is no projection left? *Face.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for Med'cine, think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
 Something about the scraping of the Shards,
 Will cure the Itch: though not your Itch of Mind, Sir.
 It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. — Good Sir,
 This way: for fear the Lord should meet you. *Sub. Face!*

Face. Ay. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Face.* Yes, and as heavily,
 As all the Gold he hop'd for were in his Blood.

Let us be light, though. *Sub.* Ay, as Balls, and bound
 And hit our Heads against the Roof for joy:

There's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our Don. *Sub.* Yes, your young Widow, by this time
 Is made a Countess, *Face:* Sh' has been in travail

Of a young Heir for you. *Face.* Good Sir. *Sub.* Off with your case,
 And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should,

After these common hazards. *Face.* Very well, Sir.

Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir:

Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.

Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set to't.

I pray you prove your Virtue. *Sub.* For your sake, Sir.

SCENE VI.

Surly, Dame Pliant, Subtle, and Face.

Sur. Lady, you see into what Hands you are fall'n;

'Mongst

'Mongst what a nest of Villains! and how near
Your Honour was t' have catch'd a certain Clap-
(Through your Credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other Circumstance would ha' made a Man:
For you're a handsome Woman: would yo' were wise, too.
I am a Gentleman, come here disguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this Citadel,
And where I might have wrong'd your Honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your Love. You are,
They say, a Widow, rich: and I am a Bachelor.
Worth nought: Your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you, or no. *Pli.* I will, Sir.

Sur. And for these Household-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them. *Sub.* How doth my noble *Diego*?
And my dear Madam, Countess? Hath the Count
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donzell, methinks you look Melancholick,
After your *Coitum*, and Scurvy! Truly,
I do not like the dulness of your Eye:
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch*,
And says you are a lumpish Whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets so. [He falls to picking of them.]

Sur. Will you, *Don Bawd*, and Pick-purse? How now? Reel you?
Stand up, Sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder! *Sur.* No, Sir,
There's no such thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip, shall ease you of that fear.
I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be cozen'd,
Do you see? cozen'd? Where's your Captain *Face*?
That Parcel-broker, and Whole-bawd, all Rascal.

Face. How, *Surly*! *Sur.* O, make your approach, good Captain.
I have found, from whence your Copper-rings, and Spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here, you learn'd t'anoint your Boot with Brimstone,
Then rub Men's Gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing? And this Doctor,
Your sooty, smoaky-bearded Compeer, he
Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i'the stead) another
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i'the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? Then weeps *Mammon*:
Then swoons his Worship. Or, he is the *Faustus*,
That casteth Figures, and can conjure, cures
Plague, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds Intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires: while you send in
Captain, (what is he gone?) Damsels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or, the Waiting-maid

With the Green-sickness? Nay, Sir, you must tarry
Though he be scap't; and answer by the Ears, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

Face, Kastril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame Pliant, and Dol.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born Child.

The Doctor, and your Sister, both are abus'd.

Kast. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I should be loth, Sir,
To confes so much. *Kast.* Then you lye i' your Throat. *Sur.* How?

Face. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater.
Employ'd here by another Conjuror,
That does not love the Doctor, and would cross him
If he knew how——*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kast.* You lie:
And 'tis no matter. *Face.* Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st Rascal——*Sur.* You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir?

Face. By no means: Bid him be gone. *Kast.* Be gone, Sir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Face. There is not such a foist in all the Town,
The Doctor had him presently: and finds, yet,
The *Spanish Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle.*

Sub. Yes, Sir, he must appear within this Hour.

Face. And yet this Rogue would come, in a Disguise,
By the temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, though he could not hurt it. *Kast.* Ay,
I know---Away, you talk like a foolish Mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says. *Face.* Do not believe him, Sir:
He is the lying'st Swabber! Come your ways, Sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of Company. *Kast.* Yes, how then, Sir?

Face. Nay, here's an honest Fellow too, that knows him,
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I say, *Abel,*)
This Cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o'the Widow.
He owes this honest *Druggier*, here, seven Pound,
He has had on him in Two penny'orths of Tobacco.

Drug. Yes, Sir. And h' has damn'd himself three terms, to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for *lotium*? *Drug.* Thirty Shillings, Sir:
And for six *Syringes*. *Sur.* Hydra of Villany!

Face. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o'the House, *Kast.* I will.
Sir, if you get not out o'Doors, you lie:
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is madness, Sir,
Not Valour in you: I must laugh at this.

Kast. It is my Humour: you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixote*.

Drug. Or a Knight o'the curious *Coxcomb*. Do you see?

Ana. Peace to the Household. *Kast.* I'll keep Peace for no Man.

Ana. Casting of Dollars is concluded lawful.

Kast. Is he the Constable? *Sub.* Peace, *Ananias* *Face.* No, Sir.

Kast. Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a Whit,

A very Tim. Sur. You'll hear me, Sir? Kast. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive! Sub. Zeal in the young Gentleman,
Against his Spanish Slops——Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous Breeches.

Sur. New Rascals! Kast. Will you be gone, Sir? Ana. Avoid Satan,
Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: and is the same
With that, which the unclean Birds, in Seventy seven,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers Coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist in that lewd Hat.

Sur. I must give way. Kast. Be gone, Sir. Sub. But I'll take
A course with you——(Ana. Depart, proud Spanish Fiend)

Sub. Captain and Doctor——Ana. Child of Perdition. Kast. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? Face. Yes, indeed, Sir.

Kast. Nay, and I give my Mind to't, I shall do't.

Face. O, you must follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again else. Kast. I'll return him then.

Face. Druggier, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd, that thou should'st ha' come,
In a Spanish Suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the Damask? Drug. Yes, Sir. Face. Thou must borrow
A Spanish Suit. Hast thou no credit with the Players?

Drug. Yes, Sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab: Thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old Cloak, and Ruff, and Hat, will serve,
I'll tell thee more, when thou bring'st 'em. Ana. Sir, I know — [Subtle hath
The Spaniard hates the Brethren, and hath Spies whisper'd with him this while.
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer, and Meditation, for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of Money is most lawful. Sub. True.

But here, I cannot do it; if the House
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And, then, are you defeated. Ana. I will tell

This to the Elders, and the weaker Brethren,
That the whole Company of the Separation
May join in humble Prayer again. (Sub. And fasting.)

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of Mind
Rest with these Walls. Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for? Sub. About casting Dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so, I told him,
A Spanish Minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful——Face. I conceive. Come Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least Disaster!

How wouldst thou ha'done, if I had not helpt thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry Boy, i-faith.

Face.

Face. Who would ha' lookt, it should ha' been that Rascal *Surly*? He had dy'd his Beard, and all. Well, Sir, Here's Damask come to make you a Suit. *Sub.* Where's *Druggier*?

Face. He is gone to borrow me a *Spanish* Habit, I'll be the Count now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?

Face. Within, with my Lord's Sister: *Madam Dol* Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*, Now she is honest, I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why? *Face.* Stand to your word, Or---here comes *Dol*. She knows---*Sub.* You're tyrannous still.

Face. Strict for my right. How now *Dol*, hast told her The *Spanish* Count will come? *Dol.* Yes, but another is come You little look'd for! *Face.* Who's that? *Dol.* Your Master: The Master of the House. *Sub.* How, *Dol*? *Face.* She lies. This is some Trick. Come, leave your Quiblers, *Dorothy*.

Dol. Look out, and see. *Sub.* Art thou in earnest? *Dol.* 'Slight, Forty o'the Neighbours are about him, talking.

Face. 'Tis he, by this good day. *Dol.* 'Twill prove ill day, For some on us. *Face.* We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid. *Sub.* You said he would not come, While there dy'd one a Week, within the Liberties.

Face. No: 'twas within the Walls. *Sub.* Was't so? Cry you Mercy: I thought the Liberties. What shall we do now, *Face*?

Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call, or knock, I'll into mine old Shape again, and meet him,

Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I'the mean time, Do you two pack up all the Goods, and Purchase, That we can carry i'the two Trunks. I'll keep him Off for to day, if I cannot longer; and then

At Night, I'll ship you both away to *Ratcliff*, Where we'll meet to Morrow, and there we'll share.

Let *Mammon's* Brass and Pewter keep the Cellar: We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,

'Pray thee, go heat a little Water, quickly, *Subtle* must shave me. All my Captain's Beard Must off, to make me appear smooth *Jeremy*.

You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll shave you as well as I can.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Love-Wit, and Neighbours.

Love. **H**As there been such resort, say you? 1 *Neigh.* Daily, Sir.

2 *Neigh.* And nightly too. 3 *Neigh.* Ay, some as brave as Lords.

4 *Neigh.* Ladies and Gentlewomen. 5 *Neigh.* Citizens Wives.

1 *Neigh.* And Knights. 6 *Neigh.* In Coaches. 2 *Neigh.* Yes, and Oyster-women.

1 *Neigh.* Beside other Gallants. 3 *Neigh.* Sailors Wives. 4 *Neigh.* Tobacco-men.

5 *Neigh.* Another *Pimlico*? *Love.* What should my Knave advance,

To

To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a strange Calf, with five Legs, to be seen?

Or a huge Lobster, with six Claws? 6 *Neigh*. No, Sir.

3 *Neigh*. We had gone in then, Sir. *Love*. He has no Gift
Of teaching i'the Nose, that e'er I knew of!

You saw no Bills set up, that promis'd cure

Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? 2 *Neigh*. No such thing, Sir.

Love. Nor heard a Drum strook, for Baboons or Puppets?

5 *Neigh*. Neither, Sir. *Love*. What Device should he bring forth now!

I love a teeming Wit, as I love my Nourishment.

'Pray God he ha' not kept such open House,

That he hath sold my Hangings and my Bedding:

I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,

A plague o'the Mouth, say I. Sure he has got

Some bawdy Pictures, to call all this ging;

The Friar, and the Nun; or the new motion

Of the Knight's Courser, covering the Parson's Mare;

The Boy of six Years old with the great thing:

Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt

Upon a Table, or some Dog to dance?

When saw you him? 1 *Neigh*. Who Sir, *Jeremy*? 2 *Neigh*. *Jeremy Butler*?

We saw him not this Month. *Love*. How! 4 *Neigh*. Not these five Weeks, Sir.

Neigh. These six Weeks, at the least. *Love*. Yo'amaze me, Neighbours!

5 *Neigh*. Sure, if your Worship know not where he is,

He's slipt away. 6 *Neigh*. Pray god, he be not made away!

Love. Ha? It's no time to question then. 6 *Neigh*. About [He knocks.

Some three Weeks since, I heard a doleful Cry,

As I fate up, a mending my Wife's Stockings.

Love. This is strange! that none will answer! Didst thou hear

A Cry, say'st thou? 6 *Neigh*. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man

That had been strangled an Hour, and could not speak.

2 *Neigh*. I heard it too, just this day three Weeks, at two a Clock

Next Morning. *Love*. These be Miracles, or you make 'em so!

A Man an Hour strangled, and could not speak,

And you both heard him cry? 3 *Neigh*. Yes, downward, Sir.

Love. Thou art a wise Fellow: Give me thy hand I pray thee.

What Trade art thou on? 3 *Neigh*. A Smith, and't please your Worship.

Love. A Smith? Then, lend me thy help, to get this Door open.

3 *Neigh*. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my Tools——

1 *Neigh*. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

SCENE II.

Love-Wit, Face, and Neighbours.

Love. I will. *Face*. What mean you, Sir? 1, 2, 4 *Neigh*. O, here's *Jeremy*!

Face. Good Sir, come from the Door. *Love*. Why! what's the matter?

Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet. *Love*. I'the name of wonder!

What means the Fellow? *Face*. The House, Sir, has been visited.

Love. What? with the Plague? Stand thou then farther. *Face*. No, Sir,

I had it not. *Love*. Who had it then? I left

None else, but thee, i'the House! *Face*. Yes, Sir. My Fellow,

The Ca, that kept the Buttry, had it on her

A Week, before I spied it: But I got her
Convey'd away i'the Night. And so I shut
The House up for a Month---*Love*. How! *Face*. Purposing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Rose-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar,
And, ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha'known it:
Because I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.

Love. Breachless, and farther off. Why, this is stranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have still been open---*Face*. How, Sir! *Love*. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all sorts, Tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, the e ten Weeks, as to a second *Hogsdon*,
In days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! *Face*. Sir,
Their Wisdoms will not say so! *Love*. To day, they speak
Of Coaches and Gallants; one in a *French-Hood*,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a Velvet-gown, at the Window! divers more
Pass in and out! *Face*. They did pass through the Doors then,
Or Walls, I assure their *Eye-sighs*, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys; and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now, above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone, there.
But, that 'tis yet not deep i'the Afternoon,
I should believe my Neighbours had seen double
Through the Black-pot, and made these Apparitions!
For, on my faith, to your Worship, for these three Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Love*. Strange!

1 *Neigh*. Good faith, I think I saw a Coach! 2 *Neigh*. And I too,
I'd ha'been sworn! *Love*. Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? 4 *Neigh*. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honest Fellow. *Face*. Did you see me at all?

1 *Neigh*. No. That we are sure on. 2 *Neigh*. I'll be sworn o'that.

Love. Fine Rogues, to have your Testimonies built on!

3 *Neigh*. Is *Jeremy* come? 1 *Neigh*. O, yes, you may leave your Tools,
We were deceiv'd, he says. 2 *Neigh*. He has had the Keys:
And the Doors have been shut these three Weeks. 3 *Neigh*. Like enough.

Love. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *Face*. Surly come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conscience.

SCENE III.

Surly, Mammon, Love-Wit, Face, Neighbours, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation,
Dapper, and Subtle.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Physician. This,
It was no Bawdy-house: But a meer Chancel.

You knew the Lord, and his Sister. *Mam*. Nay, good Surly——

Sur. The happy word, *be rich*——*Mam*. Play not the Tyrant——

Sur. Should be to day pronounc'd to all your Friends.
And where be your Andirons now? and your Brass-pots?
That should ha'been golden Blaggon, and great Wedges?

Mam.

Mam. Let me but breath. What! They ha'shut their Doors,
Methinks! *Sur.* Ay, now, 'tis Holy-day with them. *Mam.* Rogues, [Knocks.
Cozeners, Impostors, Bawds. *Face.* What mean you, Sir?

Mam. To enter, if we can. *Face.* Another Man's House?
Here is the owner, Sir. Turn you to him,

And speak your Business. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* And are those Knaves within, your Cheaters?

Love. What Knaves? what Cheaters? *Mam.* Subtle, and his Lungs.

Face. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha'been seen here these three Weeks, Sir,
Within these Doors, upon my word! *Sur.* Your word,
Groom arrogant? *Face.* Yes, Sir, I am the House-keeper,
And know the Keys ha'not been out o'my Hands.

Sur. This's a new *Face*? *Face.* You do mistake the House, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Rascal! This is one
O'the Confederacy. Come, Let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Love.* Pray you stay, Gentlemen.

Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant, *Mam.* Ay, and then
We shall ha'your Doors open. *Love.* What means this?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir! 1 *Neigh.* These are two o'the Gallants,
That we dō think we saw. *Face.* Two o'the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the Moon has craz'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away 'till he have betray'd us all.)

Kast. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon,
Punk, Cocatrice, my Sister. By this Light [Kastril knocks.
I'll fetch the Marshal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Castle——*Face.* Who would you speak with, Sir?

Kast. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And *Pus*, my Sister. *Love.* This is something, sure!

Face. Upon my trust, the Doors were never open, Sir.

Kast. I have heard all their Tricks, told me twice over,
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.

Love. Here comes another. *Face.* *Ananias* too?
And his Pastor? *Trib.* The Doors are shut against us.

Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire, [They beat too at
Your Stench, it is broke forth: Abomination the Door.
Is in the House. *Kast.* Ay, my Sister's there. *Ana.* The place,
It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.

Kast. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Constable.

Trib. You shall do well. *Ana.* We'll joine to weed them out.

Kast. You will not come then? Punk, Device, my Sister!

Ana. Call her not Sister. She is a Harlot, verily.

Kast. I'll raise the Street. *Love.* Good Gentlemen, a word.

Ana. Sitan, avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.

Love. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem.* *Face.* These are all broke loose,
Out of *St. Kather'ne's*, where they use to keep

The better sort of Mad-folks. 1 *Neigh.* All these Persons
We saw go in, and out, here. 2 *Neigh.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

3 *Neigh.* These were the Parties. *Face.* Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,

I wonder at it! Please you, to give me leave
To touch the Door, I'll try, an' the Lock be chang'd.

Love. It mazes me! *Face.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away. *Dap.* Master Captain, Master Doctor.

[*Dapper cries out within.*]

Love. Who's that? *Face.* (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.

Dap. For God's-sake, when will her Grace be at leisure? *Face.* Ha!
Illusions, some Spirit o'the Air: (his gag is melted,
And now he sets out the Throat.) *Dap.* I am almost stifled——

(*Face.* Would you were altogether.) *Love.* 'Tis i'the House.

Ha! Lift. *Face.* Believe it, Sir, i'the Air! *Love.* Peace, you——

Dap. Mine Aunt's Grace does not use me well. *Sub.* You Fool,
Peace, you'll mar all. *Face.* Or you will else, you Rogue.

Love. O, is it so? Then you converse with Spirits!
Come, Sir. No more o'your Tricks, good *Jeremy*,
The truth, the shortest way. *Face.* Dismiss this Rabble, Sir.
What shall I do? I am catch'd. *Love.* Good Neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Master:

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw so many several sorts of Wild-fowl?

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i'the Street.)

Give me but leave, to make the best of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th'Abuse of your House:

It's all I beg, I'll help you to a Widow
In recompence, that you shall gi'me thanks for,
Will make you seven Years younger, and a rich one.

'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloak,
I have her within. You need not fear the House,

It was not visited. *Love.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Face.* It is true, Sir.

'Pray you forgive me. *Love.* Well; let's see your Widow.

S C E N E IV.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, and Dol Common.

Sub. How! ha'you eaten your Gag? *Dap.* Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i'my Mouth. *Sub.* You ha' spoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.

Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: But in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The Fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfie her Grace. Here comes the Captain.

Face. How now! Is his Mouth down? *Sub.* Ay! he has spoken!

Face. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone then.
(I have been fain to say the House is haunted

With Spirits, to keep Churl back. *Sub.* And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this Night. *Sub.* Why, then triumph, and sing
Of *Face* so famous, the precious King.

Of present Wits. *Face.* Did you not hear the Coyk

About?

About the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

Face. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:

I'll send her to you. *Sub.* Well, Sir, your Aunt her Grace,

Will give you Audience presently, on my suit,

And the Captain's word, that you did not eat your Gag,

In any contempt of her Highness. *Dap.* Not I, in troth, Sir.

Sub. Here she is come. Down o'your Knees, and wriggle: *[Dol like the Queen of Fairy.*

She has a stately presence. Good: Yet nearer,

And bid God save you. *Dap.* Madam. *Sub.* And your Aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious Aunt, God save your Grace.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:

But that sweet Face of yours hath turn'd the tide,

And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.

Arise, and touch our Velvet-gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,

And kifs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now stroake that Head,

Much, Nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;

Much shalt thou give away; much shalt thou lend.

Sub. (Ay, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace?

Dap. I cannot speak for Joy. *Sub.* See, the kind Wretch!

Your Grace's Kinsman right. *Dol.* Give me the Bird.

Here is your Fly in a Purse, about your Neck, Cousin,

Wear it, and feed it about this Day sev'night,

On your right wrist——*Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,

And let it suck but once a Week; 'till then

You must not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinsman,

Bear your self worthy of the Blood you come on.

Sub. Her Grace would ha'you eat no more *Wool-sack* Pies,

Nor *Dagger* Frume'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his fast,

In Heav'n and Hell. *Sub.* She's with you every where!

Nor play with *Coster-mongers*, at *Mum-chance*, *Tray-trip*.

God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:) but keep

The gallant'st Company, and the best Games——*Dap.* Yes, Sir.

Sub. *Gleek* and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.

Dap. By this Hand, I will. *Sub.* You may bring's a thousand Pound

Before to Morrow-night, (if but three thousand,

Be stirring) an'you will. *Dap.* I swear I will then.

Sub. Your Fly will learn you all Games. *Face.* Ha'you done there?

Sub. Your Grace will command him no more Duties? *Dol.* No:

But come, and see me often. I may chance

To leave him three or four hundred Chests of Treasure,

And some twelve thousand Acres of *Fairy-Land*:

If he Game well, and comely, with good Gamesters.

Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kifs her departing Part.

But you must sell your forty Mark a year, now:

Dap. Ay, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Pox on't.

Face. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.

Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Face.* Where's *Subtle*? *Sub.* Here. What News?

Face. *Druggier* is at the Door, go take his suit,

And bid him fetch a Parson presently:

Say, he shall marry the Widow. Thou shalt spend

A hundred pound by the Service! Now, Queen *Dol.*

Ha'you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. *Face.* And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull Innocent.

Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo's* Cloak, and Hat. *Face.* Give me 'em.

Sub. And the Ruff too? *Face.* Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his Project, *Dol.*
I told you of, for the Widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct

Against our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, Wench.

Hast thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub.* Soon at Night, my *Dolly*,
When we are shipt, and all our Goods aboard,
Eastward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our course
To *Brainford*, westward, if thou say'st the word:
And take our leaves of this o'er-weaning Rascal,
This peremptory *Face.* *Dol.* Content, I'm weary of him.

Sub. Tho'hast cause, when the Slave will run a Wiving, *Dol.*
Against the Instrument that was drawn between us.

Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. *Sub.* Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To th'cunning Man; make him amends, for wronging
His Art with her Suspicion; send a Ring;
Or Chain of Pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extreamly in her Sleep, say; and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou? *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine Flitter-mouse,
My Bird o'the Night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine——

[*They kiss.*]

Face. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our Stock-Affairs.

Face. *Drugger* has brought his Parson, take him in, *Subiles*,
And send *Nab* back again to wash his Face.

Sub. I will: and shave himself? *Face.* If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what e'er it is!

Face. A Trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten Pound a Month by.
Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i'the Hall, Sir.

Face. I'll go bestow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, instantly.

Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cezen her of all thou can'st. To deceive him
Is no Deceit, but Justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Face.* Come, my Venturers,
You ha'pack'd up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.

Sub. Here. *Face.* Let's see 'em. Where's the Mony? *Sub.* Here,
In this. *Face.* *Mammon's* ten Pound; eight Score before.

The Brethren's Mony, this. *Drugger's*, and *Dapper's*.

What Paper's that? *Dol.* The Jewel of the waiting Maid's,
That stole it from her Lady, to know certain——

Face. If she should have precedence of her Mistress? *Dol.* Yes.

Face. What Box is that? *Sub.* The Fish-wife's Rings, I think:
And th'Ale-wife's single Mony. Is't not, *Dol*?

Dol. Yes; and the Whistle, that the Sailor's Wife

Brought you to know, and her Husband were with *Ward*.

Face.

Face. We'll wet it to Morrow: And our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern-Cups. Where be the *French-Petticoats*,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i'the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Face.* Is *Drugger's* Damask there?
And the Tobacco? *Sub.* Yes. *Face.* Give me the Keys.

Dol. Why you the Keys! *Sub.* No matter, *Dol*; because
We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, *Dol.* *Dol.* No!

Face. No, my Smock-rampant. The right is, my Master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em.
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfied: For, here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite*,

'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o'the back-side;
Or lend you Sheet to save your Velvet-gown, *Dol*.
Here will be Officers presently; bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the Dock;
For thither you'll come else. Hark you, Thunder.

[Some knock.]

Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.

Face. *Dol*, I'm sorry for thee i-faith. But hear'st thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt ha' my Letter to mistress *Amo*. *Dol.* Hang you——

Face. Or Madam *Casarean*. *Dol.* Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. *Face.* *Subtle*,
Let's know where you set up next; I'll send you
A Customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course ha'you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my self:
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i'the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

S C E N E V.

Love-Wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation,
Drugger, and Dame Pliant.

Love. What do you mean, my Masters? *Mam.* Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.

Love. What Warrant have you? *Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, doubt not:
If you'll not open it. *Love.* Is there an Officer there?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing. *Love.* Have but Patience,
And I will open it straight. *Face.* Sir, ha'you done?
Is it a Marriage? perfect? *Love.* Yes, my Brain.

Face. Off with your Ruff and Cloak then, be your self, Sir.

Sur. Down with the Door. *Kast.* Slight, ding it open. *Love.* Hold.
Hold Gentlemen, what means this Violence?

Mam. Where is this Collar? *Sur.* And my Captain *Face*?

Mam. These Day-Owls. *Sur.* That are birding in Mens Purses.

Mam. Madam *Suppository*. *Kast.* Doxy, my Sister. *Ana.* Locusts
Of the foul Pit. *Trib.* Profane as Bell and the Dragon.

Ana.

Ana. Worse than the Grass-hoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.

Love. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot stay this Violence? *Off.* Keep the peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?

Mam. The Chymical Cozener. *Sur.* And the Captain *Pandar*.

Kast. The *Nun*, my Sister. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi*. *Ana.* Scorpions,
And Caterpillars. *Love.* Fewer at once, I pray you.

Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my Staff—*Ana.* They are the Vessels
Of Pride, Lust, and the Cart. *Love.* Good Zeal, lye still
A little while. *Trib.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.

Love. The House is mine here, and the Doors are open :
If there be any such Persons as you seek for,
Use your Authority, search on o'God's name,
I'm but newly come to Town, and finding
This Tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It somewhat 'maz'd me; 'till my Man, here, (fearing
My more Displeasure) told me had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my House
(Belike, presuming on my known Aversion
From any Air o'the Town, while there was Sicknes)
To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?

[*They enter.*]

Love. You may go in and search, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worse then I left 'em, Smoak'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glasses, and a Furnace,
The Seiling fill'd with Poesies of the Candle:
And Madam, with a Dildo, writ o'the Walls.
Only, one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she was a Widow—

Kast. Ay, that's my Sister. I'll go thump her. Where is she

Love. And should ha' marry'd a *Spanish Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a Widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! Have I lost her then? *Love.* Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good faith, now, she do's blame yo'extreamly, and says
You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the Pains
To dye your Beard, and Umbre o'er your Face,
Borrow'd a Suit, and Ruff, all for her Love;
And then did nothing. What an Over-sight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!

Well-fare an old Hargubuzier, yet,
Could prime his Pouder, and give Fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling. *Mam.* The whole Nest are fled!

[*Coming forth.*]

Love. What sort of Birds were they? *Mam.* A kind of Choughs,
Or Theevish Daws, Sir; that have pickt my Purse
Of Eightscore and ten Pounds, within these five Weeks,
Beside my first Materials; and my Goods,
That lye i'the Cellar: which I'm glad they ha' left.

I may have Home yet. *Love.* Think you so, Sir? *Mam.* Ay.

Love. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.

Mam.

Mam. Not mine own Stuff? *Love.* Sir, I can take no knowledge That they are yours, but by publick means.

If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen your self; I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em. *Love.* That you shall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha'been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all? *Mam.* No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?

Mam. Not I, the Common-wealth has. *Face.* Ay, he would ha' built
The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, should have ran with Cream from *Hogsdon*:
That, every *Sunday* in *Moor-fields*, the Younkers,
And Tits, and Tomboys should have fed on, gratis.

Mam. I will go mount a Turnep-Cart, and preach
To the end o'the World, within these two Months. *Surly*,
What! in a Dream? *Sur.* Must I needs cheat my self,
With that same foolish vice of Honesty!

Come let us go, and harken out the Rogues.

That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Face. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your Lodging: for in troth, they were Strangers
To me, I thought 'em honest, as my self, Sir.

Trib. 'Tis well, the Saints shall not lose all yet. Go, [They come forth.
And get some Carts——*Love.* For what, my zealous Friends?

Ana. To bear away the Portion of the Righteous,
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Love.* What is that Portion?

Ana. The Goods, sometimes the Orphans, that the Brethren
Bought with their Silver Pence. *Love.* What, those i'the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do defie

The wicked *Mammon*, so do all the Brethren,
Thou profane Man. I ask thee, with what Conscience
Thou canst advance that Idol, against us,

That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth Week,

In the eighth Month, upon the Table dormant,
The Year of the last patience of the Saints,

Six Hundred and Ten. *Love.* Mine earnest-vehement Botcher,
And Deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,
But, if you get you not away the sooner,

I shall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.

Trib. Be patient *Ananias*. *Ana.* I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an Host,

That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Love.* I shall send you
To *Amsterdam*, to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Against thy House: may Dogs defile thy Walls,

And Wasps and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This Seat of Falshood, and this Cave of Cos'nage.

Love. Another too? *Drug.* Not I, Sir, I am no Brother.

Love. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?

Face. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. - Good Sir, go

[Beats *Drugger* away
[To the Parson.

And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:

He stay'd too long a washing of his Face.

The Doctor, he shall hear of him at *West-chester*;

And of the Captain, tell him at *Tarmouth*: Or

Some good Port-town else, lying for a Wind.

If you get off the Angry Child, now, Sir——

Kast. Come on, you Yew, you have match'd most sweetly, ha' you not?

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt

[To his Sister.

But by a dub'd Boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?

'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could rouse you, now.

Death, mun' you marry with a Pox? *Love.* You lie, Boy;

As sound as you; and I'm afore-hand with you. *Kast.* Anon?

Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, Sirrah.

Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kast.* Gods Light!

This is a fine old Boy, as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,

Here stands my Dove: stoop at her, if you dare.

Kast. 'Slight I must love him! I cannot chuse, i-faith!

And I should be hang'd for't. Sister, I protest

I honour thee, for this match. *Love.* O, do you so, Sir?

Kast. Yes, and thou canst take Tobacco, and drink, old Boy,

I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her Marriage,

Than her own State. *Love.* Fill a Pipe-ful, *Jeremy.*

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Love.* We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy.*

Kast. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! Thou art a jovy Boy!

Come let's in, I pray thee, and take our whifs.

Love. Whiff in with your Sister, brother Boy. That Master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a Servant,

In such a Widow, and with so much Wealth,

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be

A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,

And help his Fortune, though with some small strain

Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,

And kind Spectators, if I have out-strip

An old Man's Gravity, or strict Canon, think

What a young Wife, and a good Brain, may do:

Stretch Age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.

Speak for thy self, Knave. *Face.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,

My part a little fell in this last Scene,

Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean

Got off, from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,

Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all

With whom I traded; yet I put my self

On you, that are my Country; and this Pelf,

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests

To feast you often, and invite new Guests.

